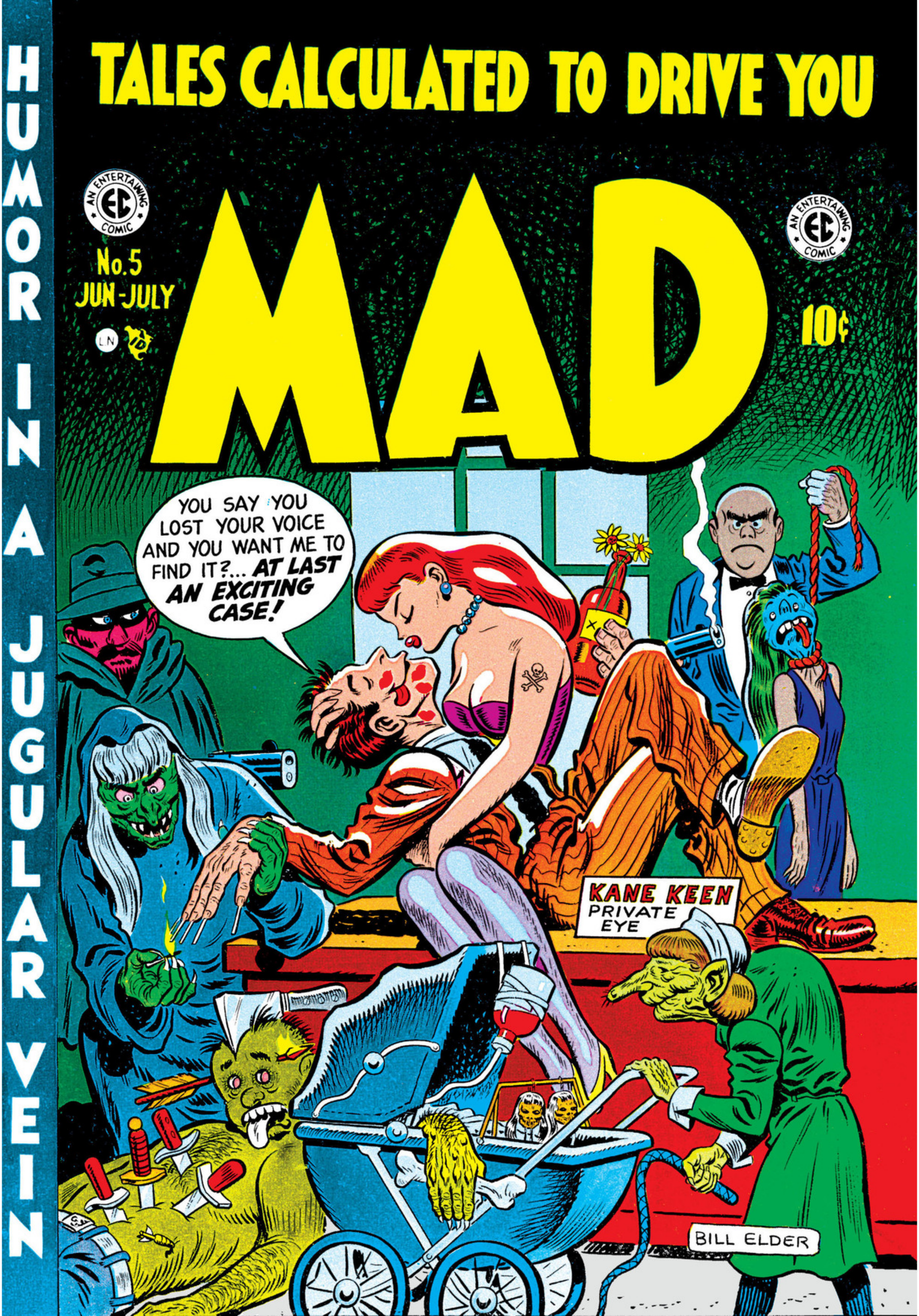

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
MAD
HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN
AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC
No.5
JUN-JULY
AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC
10¢
YOU SAY YOU LOST YOUR VOICE AND YOU WANT ME TO FIND IT?... AT LAST AN EXCITING CASE!
KANE KEEN PRIVATE EYE
BILL ELDER

THE

EC

"PUBLISHER OF THE ISSUE"

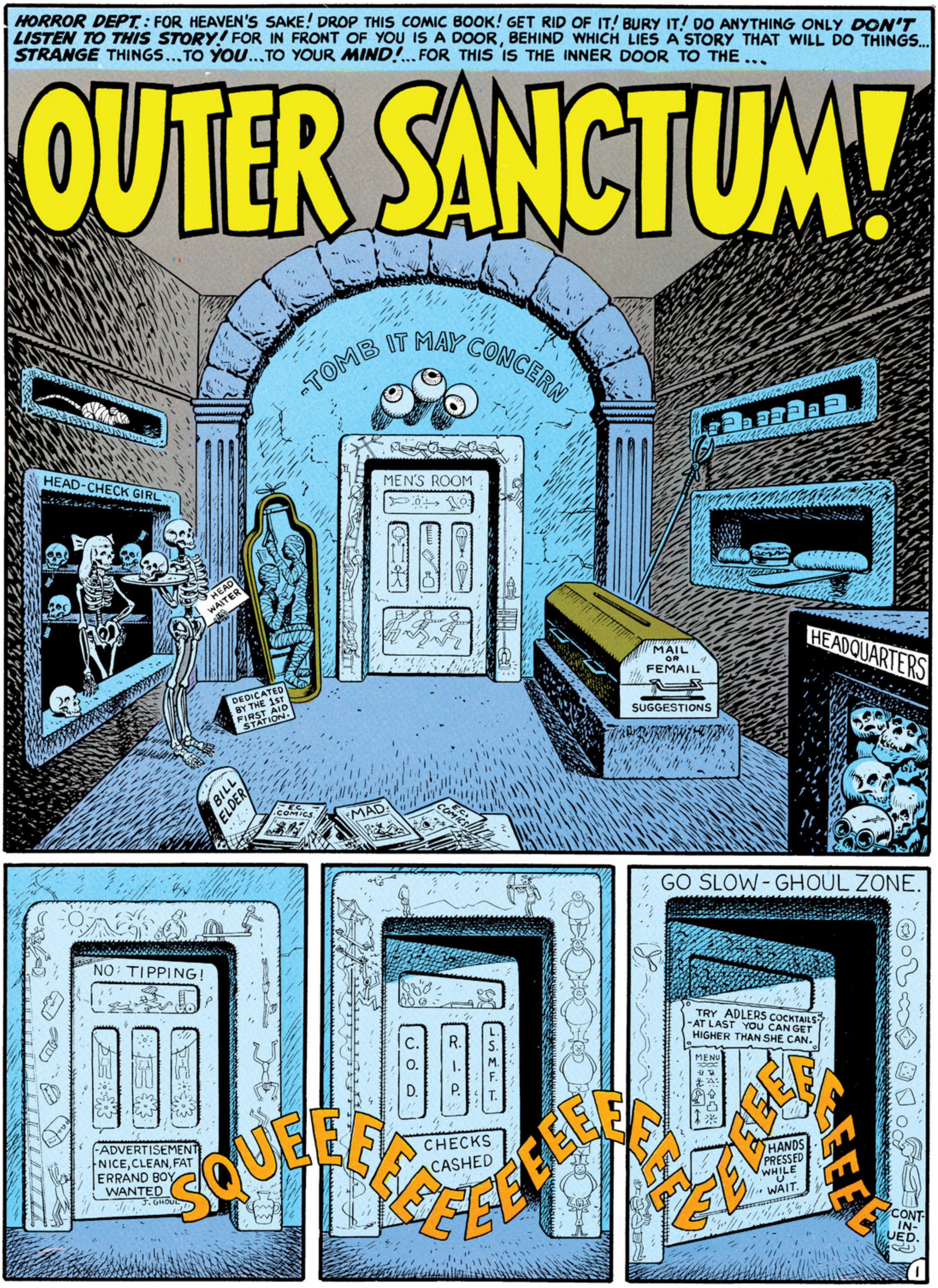
WILLIAM M. GAINES

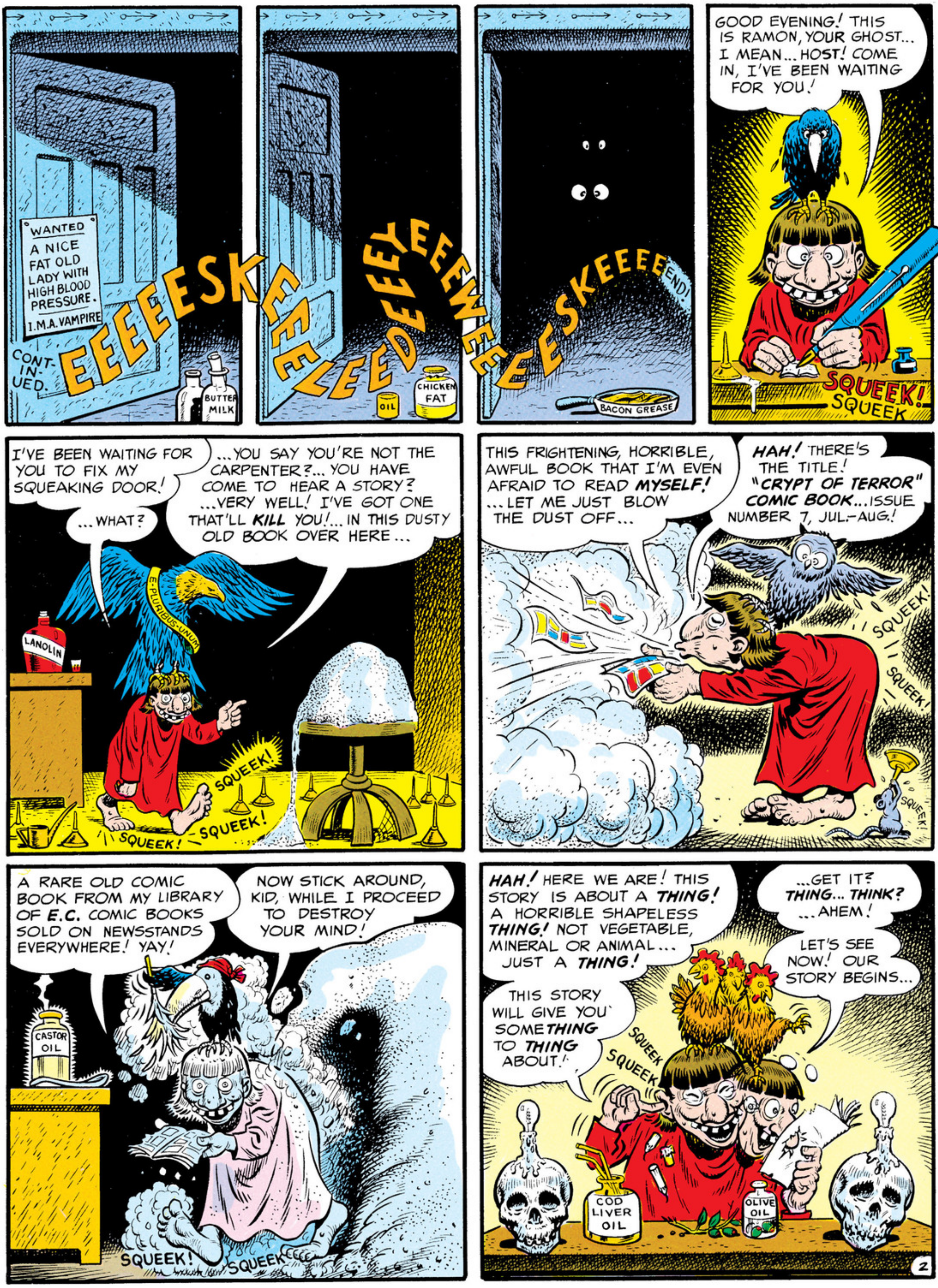
ALIAS MELVIN



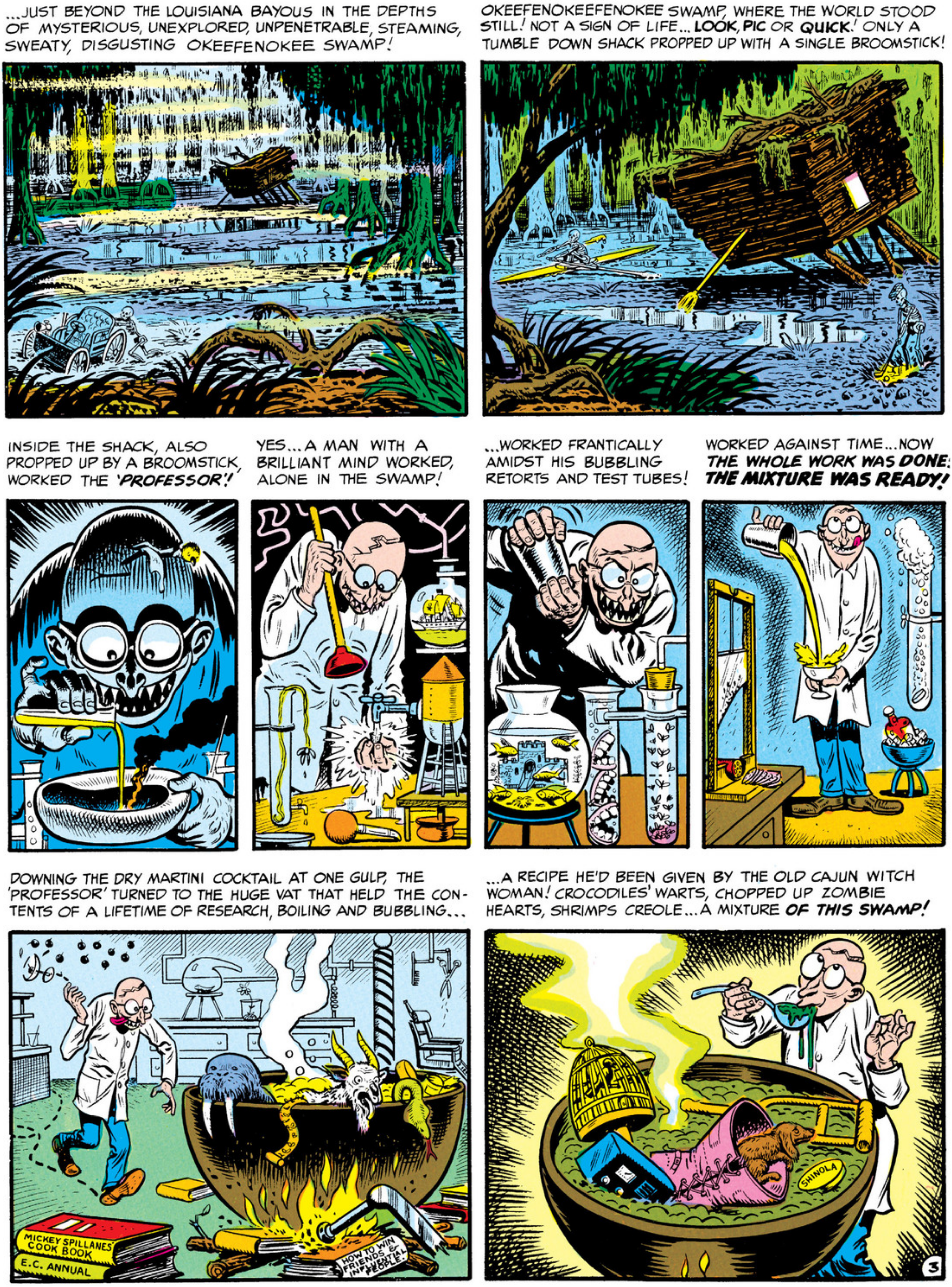
William M. (for "Mad") Gaines, twisted publisher of the perverted E.C. line, was born on Feb. 30, 1922, in an abandoned cattle-car on a siding outside the Chicago stock-yards. His father was an International Communist Banker of Persian, Iranian, Egyptian and Danish stock, and his mother came from the Bronx. His early childhood was relatively uneventful, having been spent in picking pockets, stealing government checks from mail-boxes, running errands for bookies, counterfeiting lead nickels, and playing with Teddy-bears. Bill's formal education consisted of four years in first grade, followed by nine years in reform school. Upon breaking out, he took the alias of "Melvin" Gaines and began selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!) on dark street corners outside burlesque houses. When he had read them all, he turned to peddling dope near nursery schools . . . took the cure . . . opened an establishment in a district of scarlet illumination . . . took the cure . . . and finally, seeking the ultimate in depravity and debasement, quite naturally turned to the comic magazine industry. Here he found a home! Utilizing his vast background of worldly and literary experiences, coupled with the tidy fortune he had accumulated from same, Bill introduced to the American public the notorious E.C. line . . . E.C. standing for Evil Comics. His editorial policy is a reflection of his highly developed sense of immoral obligation. As he was heard to remark at his last bi-annual editorial conference: "I don' care if it don't gotta plot! I don' care if it don't got grammar! I don' care if the pitchers ain't from talent! All I care is get inta every story *sadism, snakes, masochism, pyromania, snakes, fetishes, snakes, necrophilia, phallic symbols, snakes,* and all the rest of that *esoterica* what I can't think of this minute." Today, Bill lives in a sixty-nine room mansion in wholesome Westchester County, N. Y. He owns a grey Cadillac for grey days, a blue Cadillac for blue days, a green Cadillac for bilious days, and a pogo-stick for hopped-up days. Bill's hobbies include selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!), peddling dope, running his scarlet-illuminated establishment, and collecting snakes. At this writing, he is single . . . having been married and divorced 69 times. Don't send fan-mail . . . he can't read!

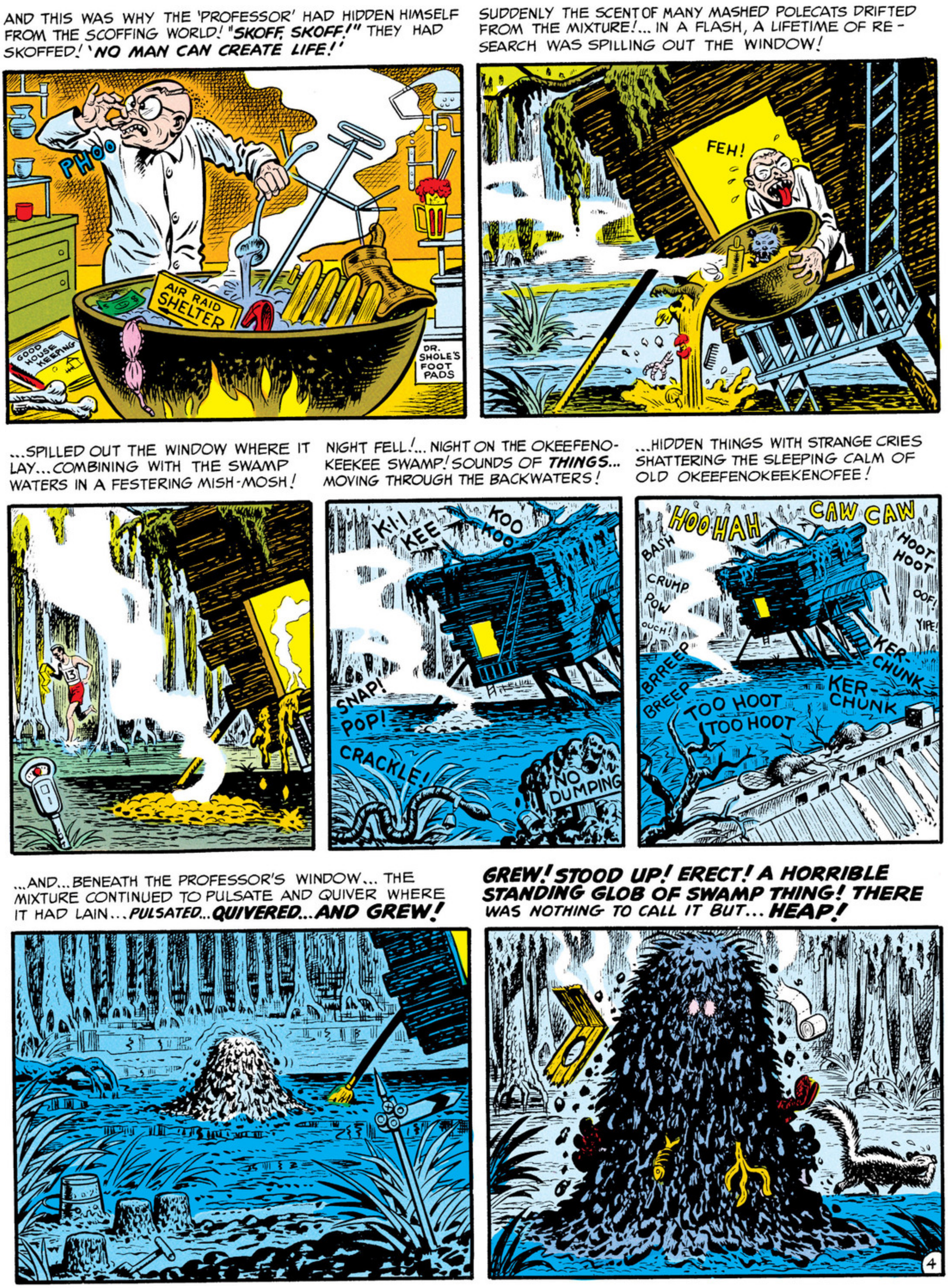
Mad, June-July, 1953—Vol. 1, No. 5. Published Bi-Monthly by Educational Comics, Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Managing Editor. Harvey Kurtzman, Editor. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 60c plus 15c for packing and mailing—total 75c. Elsewhere $1.00.

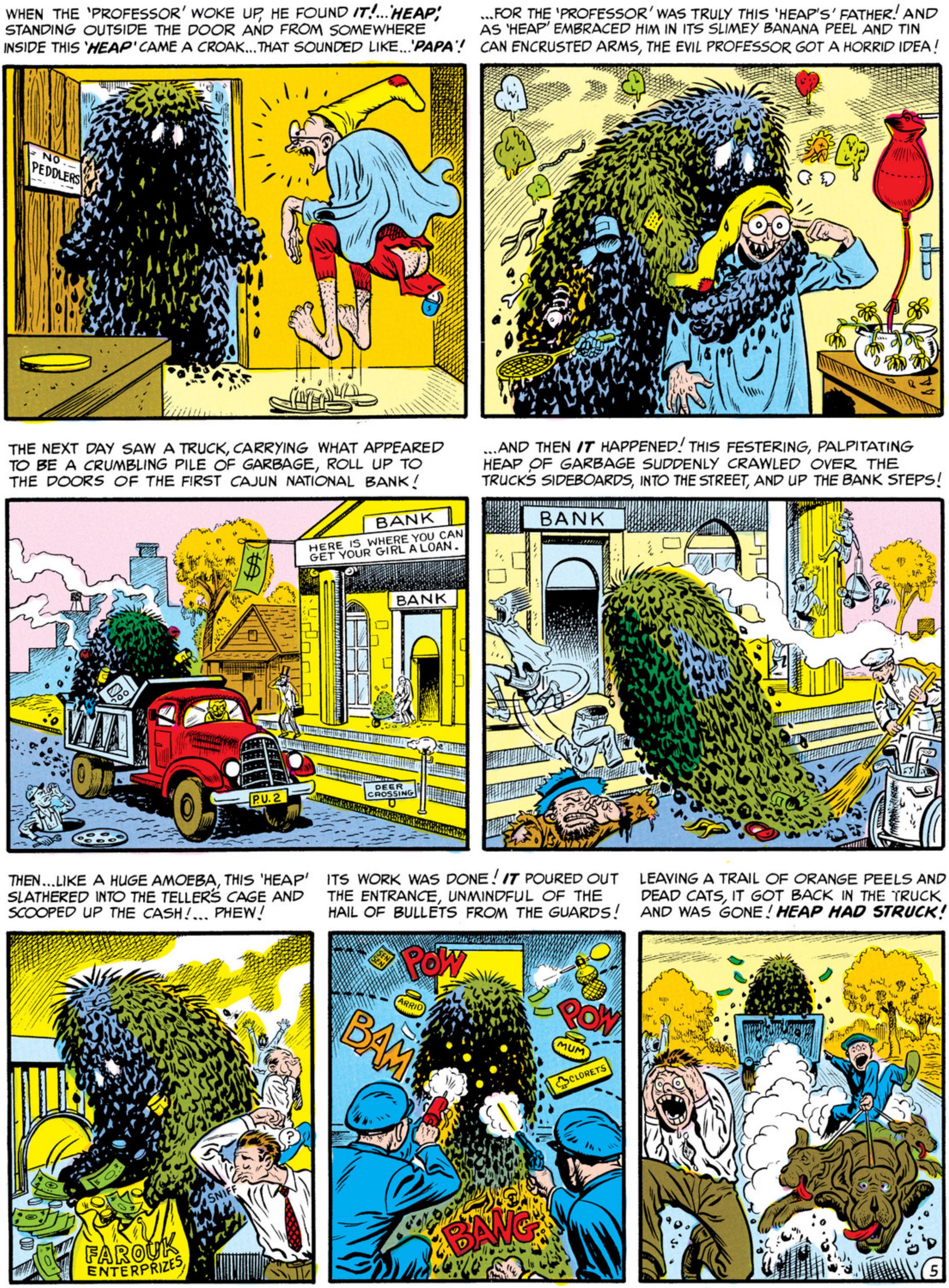

HORROR DEPT.: FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! DROP THIS COMIC BOOK! GET RID OF IT! BURY IT! DO ANYTHING ONLY DON'T LISTEN TO THIS STORY! FOR IN FRONT OF YOU IS A DOOR, BEHIND WHICH LIES A STORY THAT WILL DO THINGS... STRANGE THINGS...TO YOU...TO YOUR MIND!...FOR THIS IS THE INNER DOOR TO THE...
OUTER SANCTUM!
-TOMB IT MAY CONCERN
MEN'S ROOM
HEAD-CHECK GIRL
HEAD WAITER
DEDICATED BY THE 1ST FIRST AID STATION.
MAIL OR FEMAIL
SUGGESTIONS
HEADQUARTERS
BILL ELDER
E.C. COMICS
MAD
E.C. COMICS
NO TIPPING!
-ADVERTISEMENT- NICE, CLEAN, FAT ERRAND BOY WANTED
J. GHOUL
C.O.D.
R.I.P.
L.S.M.F.T.
CHECKS CASHED
GO SLOW - GHOUL ZONE.
TRY ADLERS COCKTAILS - AT LAST YOU CAN GET HIGHER THAN SHE CAN.
MENU
HANDS PRESSED WHILE U WAIT.
SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
CONT-IN-UED.
1



WANTED
A NICE FAT OLD LADY WITH HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE.
I.M.A. VAMPIRE
CONT-IN-UED.
EEEEEESKEEEELEEEDEEEEEEEWEEEEEESKEEEEEEND!
BUTTER MILK
OIL
CHICKEN FAT
BACON GREASE
GOOD EVENING! THIS IS RAMON, YOUR GHOST... I MEAN... HOST! COME IN, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
SQUEEK! SQUEEK
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO FIX MY SQUEAKING DOOR!
...WHAT?
...YOU SAY YOU'RE NOT THE CARPENTER?... YOU HAVE COME TO HEAR A STORY? ...VERY WELL! I'VE GOT ONE THAT'LL KILL YOU!... IN THIS DUSTY OLD BOOK OVER HERE...
E-PLURIBUS-UNUM
LANOLIN
SQUEEK! SQUEEK! SQUEEK!
THIS FRIGHTENING, HORRIBLE, AWFUL BOOK THAT I'M EVEN AFRAID TO READ MYSELF! ...LET ME JUST BLOW THE DUST OFF...
HAH! THERE'S THE TITLE! "CRYPT OF TERROR" COMIC BOOK...ISSUE NUMBER 7, JUL.-AUG.!
SQUEEK! SQUEEK! SQUEEK!
A RARE OLD COMIC BOOK FROM MY LIBRARY OF E.C. COMIC BOOKS SOLD ON NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE! YAY!
NOW STICK AROUND, KID, WHILE I PROCEED TO DESTROY YOUR MIND!
CASTOR OIL
SQUEEK! SQUEEK
HAH! HERE WE ARE! THIS STORY IS ABOUT A THING! A HORRIBLE SHAPELESS THING! NOT VEGETABLE, MINERAL OR ANIMAL... JUST A THING!
...GET IT? THING... THINK? ...AHEM!
LET'S SEE NOW! OUR STORY BEGINS...
THIS STORY WILL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO THING ABOUT!
SQUEEK SQUEEK
COD LIVER OIL
OLIVE OIL

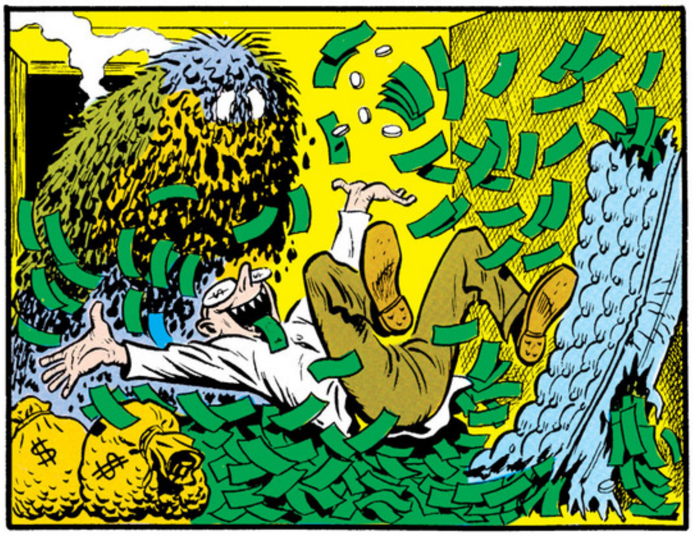

...JUST BEYOND THE LOUISIANA BAYOUS IN THE DEPTHS OF MYSTERIOUS, UNEXPLORED, UNPENETRABLE, STEAMING, SWEATY, DISGUSTING OKEEFENOKEE SWAMP!
OKEEFENOKEEFENOKEE SWAMP, WHERE THE WORLD STOOD STILL! NOT A SIGN OF LIFE... LOOK, PIC OR QUICK! ONLY A TUMBLE DOWN SHACK PROPPED UP WITH A SINGLE BROOMSTICK!
INSIDE THE SHACK, ALSO PROPPED UP BY A BROOMSTICK, WORKED THE 'PROFESSOR'!
YES... A MAN WITH A BRILLIANT MIND WORKED, ALONE IN THE SWAMP!
...WORKED FRANTICALLY AMIDST HIS BUBBLING RETORTS AND TEST TUBES!
WORKED AGAINST TIME... NOW THE WHOLE WORK WAS DONE: THE MIXTURE WAS READY!
DOWNING THE DRY MARTINI COCKTAIL AT ONE GULP, THE 'PROFESSOR' TURNED TO THE HUGE VAT THAT HELD THE CONTENTS OF A LIFETIME OF RESEARCH, BOILING AND BUBBLING...
MICKEY SPILLANES COOK BOOK
E.C. ANNUAL
HOW TO WIN FRIENDS & INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE
...A RECIPE HE'D BEEN GIVEN BY THE OLD CAJUN WITCH WOMAN! CROCODILES' WARTS, CHOPPED UP ZOMBIE HEARTS, SHRIMPS CREOLE... A MIXTURE OF THIS SWAMP!
SHINOLA
3


AND THIS WAS WHY THE 'PROFESSOR' HAD HIDDEN HIMSELF FROM THE SCOFFING WORLD! "SKOFF, SKOFF!" THEY HAD SKOFFED! 'NO MAN CAN CREATE LIFE!'
PHOO
AIR RAID SHELTER
GOOD HOUSE KEEPING
DR. SHOLE'S FOOT PADS
SUDDENLY THE SCENT OF MANY MASHED POLECATS DRIFTED FROM THE MIXTURE!... IN A FLASH, A LIFETIME OF RE-SEARCH WAS SPILLING OUT THE WINDOW!
FEH!
...SPILLED OUT THE WINDOW WHERE IT LAY... COMBINING WITH THE SWAMP WATERS IN A FESTERING MISH-MOSH!
13
NIGHT FELL!... NIGHT ON THE OKEEFENO-KEEKEE SWAMP! SOUNDS OF THINGS... MOVING THROUGH THE BACKWATERS!
KI-! KEE
KOO KOO
SNAP!
POP!
CRACKLE!
NO DUMPING
...HIDDEN THINGS WITH STRANGE CRIES SHATTERING THE SLEEPING CALM OF OLD OKEEFENOKEEKENOFEE!
HOO HAH
CAW CAW
BASH
CRUMP
POW
OUCH!
HOOT HOOT
OOF!
YIPE!
BRREEP BREEP
TOO HOOT TOO HOOT
KER-CHUNK
KER-CHUNK
...AND... BENEATH THE PROFESSOR'S WINDOW... THE MIXTURE CONTINUED TO PULSATE AND QUIVER WHERE IT HAD LAIN... PULSATED... QUIVERED... AND GREW!
GREW! STOOD UP! ERECT! A HORRIBLE STANDING GLOB OF SWAMP THING! THERE WAS NOTHING TO CALL IT BUT... HEAP!
4



WHEN THE 'PROFESSOR' WOKE UP, HE FOUND IT!...'HEAP,' STANDING OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND FROM SOMEWHERE INSIDE THIS 'HEAP' CAME A CROAK...THAT SOUNDED LIKE...'PAPA'!
NO PEDDLERS
...FOR THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS TRULY THIS 'HEAP'S' FATHER! AND AS 'HEAP' EMBRACED HIM IN ITS SLIMEY BANANA PEEL AND TIN CAN ENCRUSTED ARMS, THE EVIL PROFESSOR GOT A HORRID IDEA!
THE NEXT DAY SAW A TRUCK, CARRYING WHAT APPEARED TO BE A CRUMBLING PILE OF GARBAGE, ROLL UP TO THE DOORS OF THE FIRST CAJUN NATIONAL BANK!
BANK
HERE IS WHERE YOU CAN GET YOUR GIRL A LOAN.
BANK
DEER CROSSING
P.U. 2
...AND THEN IT HAPPENED! THIS FESTERING, PALPITATING HEAP OF GARBAGE SUDDENLY CRAWLED OVER THE TRUCKS SIDEBOARDS, INTO THE STREET, AND UP THE BANK STEPS!
BANK
THEN...LIKE A HUGE AMOEBA, THIS 'HEAP' SLATHERED INTO THE TELLER'S CAGE AND SCOOPED UP THE CASH!... PHEW!
SNIFF
FAROUK ENTERPRIZES
ITS WORK WAS DONE! IT POURED OUT THE ENTRANCE, UNMINDFUL OF THE HAIL OF BULLETS FROM THE GUARDS!
POW
ARRID
BAM
POW
MUM
CLORETS
BANG
LEAVING A TRAIL OF ORANGE PEELS AND DEAD CATS, IT GOT BACK IN THE TRUCK AND WAS GONE! HEAP HAD STRUCK!

BACK IN THE STEAMING MESSY OL' OKEEFENOKEEDOKEE SWAMP, THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS SOON ROLLING IN DOUGH! HIS **'HEAP'** WAS FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS WELL!



IT WAS EASY TO KEEP **'HEAP'** HAPPY! AN OLD DECAYED FISH ...COLD, WET COFFEE GROUNDS... A BIT OF DRIPPING NEWS-PAPER THAT WAS USED TO LINE THE GARBAGE PAIL...



THEN... A CHANGE CAME OVER **'HEAP'!** ONE DAY THE PROFESSOR FOUND HIM COMBING HIS SLIME IN THE MIRROR!



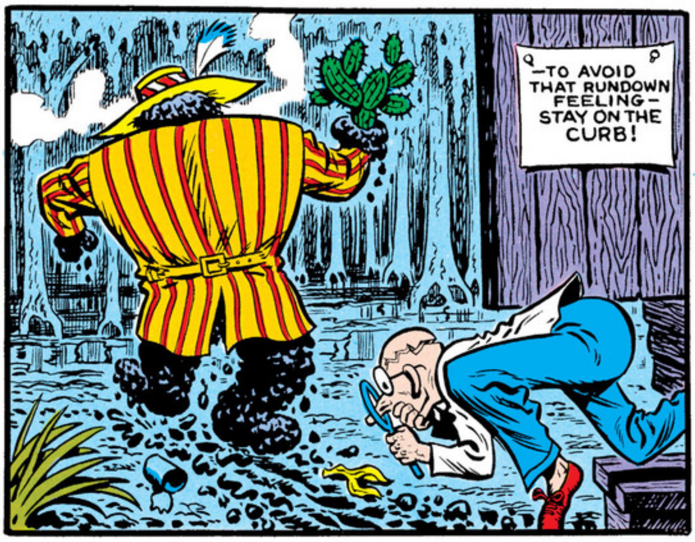
AND THEN, ONE DAY THE PROFESSOR FOUND **'HEAP'** SPRINKLING HIMSELF WITH AFTER-SHAVE LOTION AND FLIT!



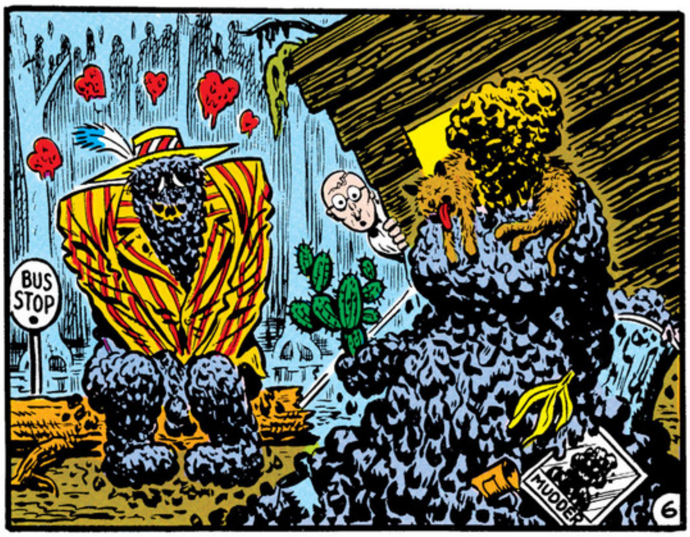
AND THEN ONE DAY, THE HEAP CAME BACK FROM TOWN DRESSED IN A ZOOT-SUIT WITH A BELT IN THE BACK!



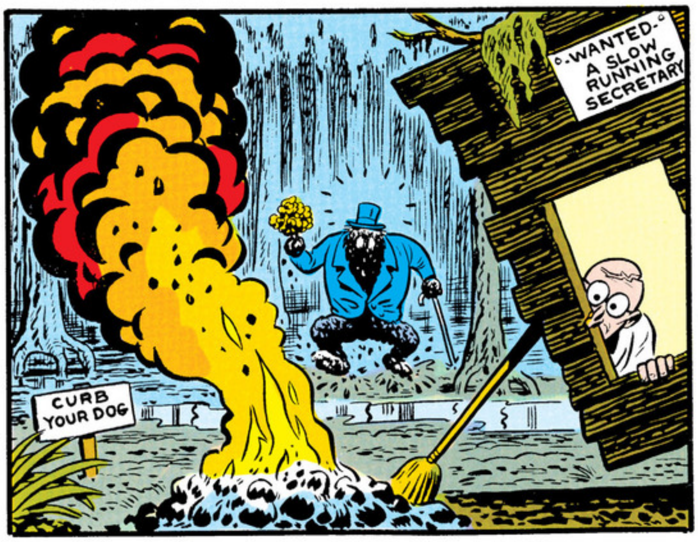
ALL THIS COULD ONLY HAVE ONE AWFUL MONSTROUS, HORRIBLE CONCLUSION... **'HEAP' WAS IN LOVE!** THAT EVENING, THE 'PROFESSOR' FOLLOWED **'HEAP'** WHO LOOKED HEP!



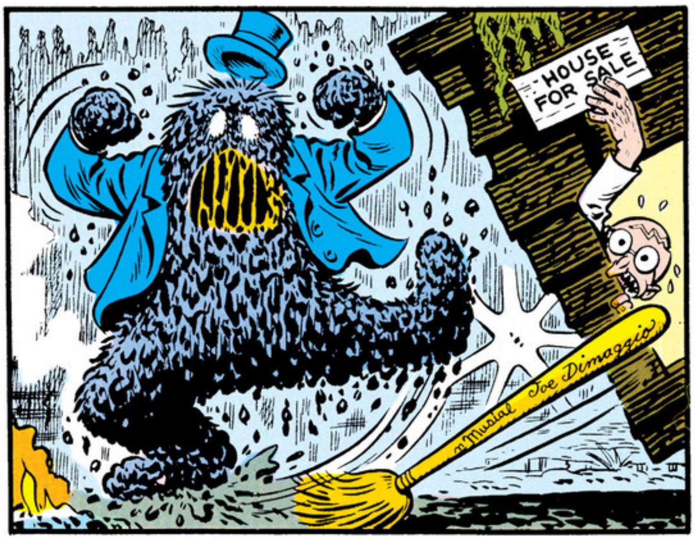
IN BACK OF THE PROFESSOR'S SHACK LAY A PIECE OF THE PROFESSOR'S GARBAGE, ACCUMULATED THROUGH THE YEARS! ***BY GEORGE... THIS WAS A FEMALE GARBAGE HEAP!***



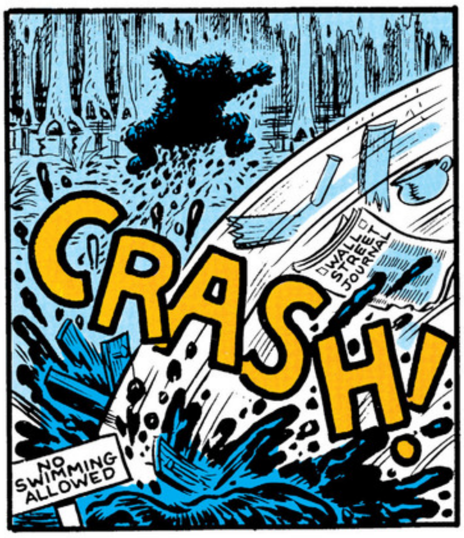
THE PROFESSOR KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE DONE! WHEN *'HEAP'* CAME TO LOOK AT HIS BELOVED GARBAGE PILE THE NEXT EVENING... IT WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND!



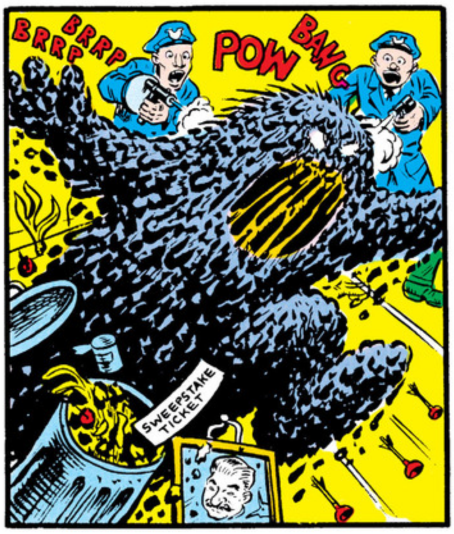
AN ODD CRY LIKE A STEPPED-ON CAT CAME FROM THE TIN CANNED DEPTHS OF *'HEAP,'* AND IN A MAD LOVER'S FRENZY KICKED AWAY THE SINGLE BROOMSTICK...



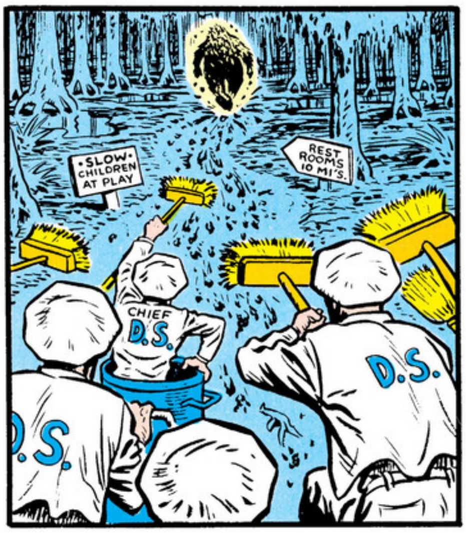
...THAT SUPPORTED THE SHACK, BRINGING THE LABORATORY TUMBLING DOWN ON THE WICKED PROFESSOR!



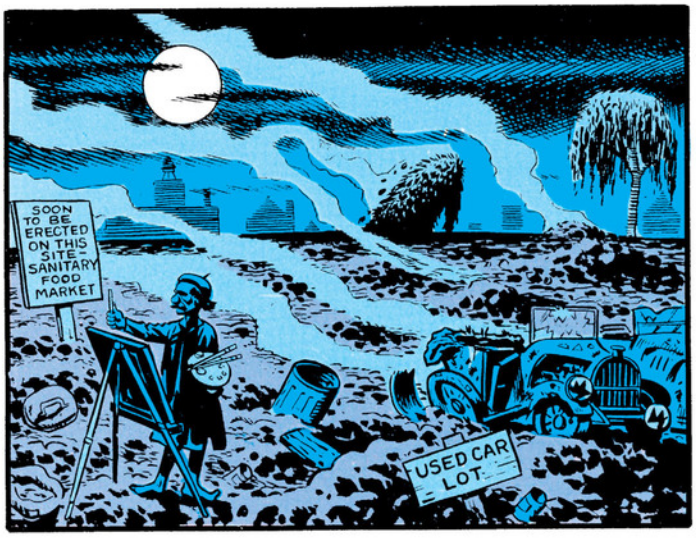
THEN IT RAN AMUCK IN THE VILLAGE... FREEING GARBAGE FROM ITS CANS, UNMINDFUL OF POLICEMAN'S BULLETS!



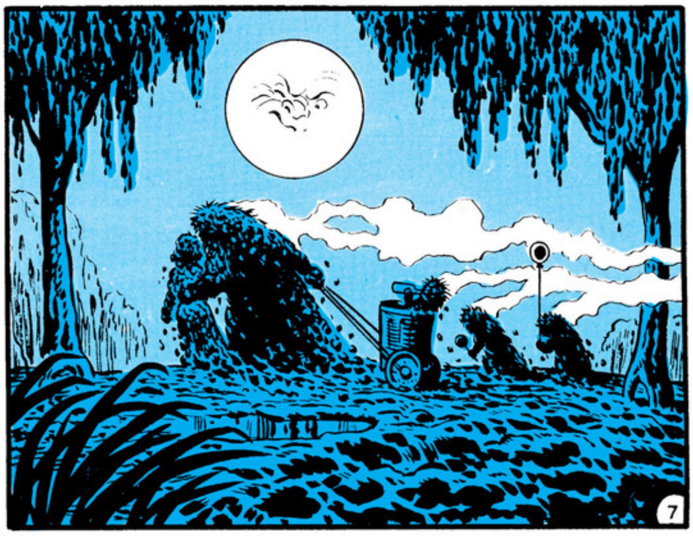
...FINALLY, PURSUED BY A DRAGNET OF GARBAGE CLEANERS, *'HEAP'* DISAPPEARED BACK INTO THE SWAMP...

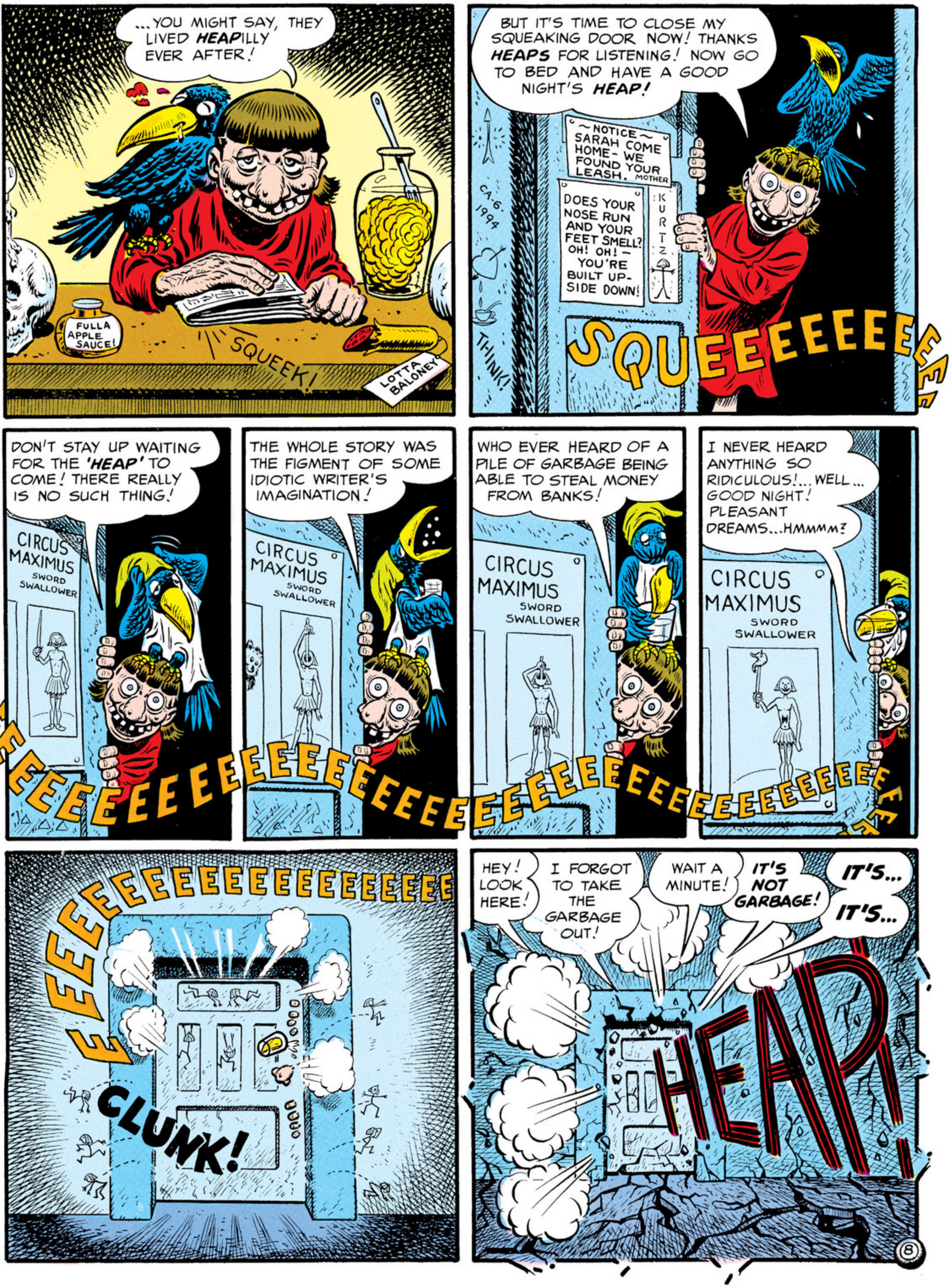


...NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!...SOME SAY WHEN THE MOON IS FULL YOU CAN SEE *IT* WANDERING OVER THE CITY DUMP, SEARCHING FOR A CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE!



SOME SAY *IT FOUND* THAT CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE... AND WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, YOU CAN SEE THEM BEING FOLLOWED BY *TINY* LITTLE GARBAGE PILES!

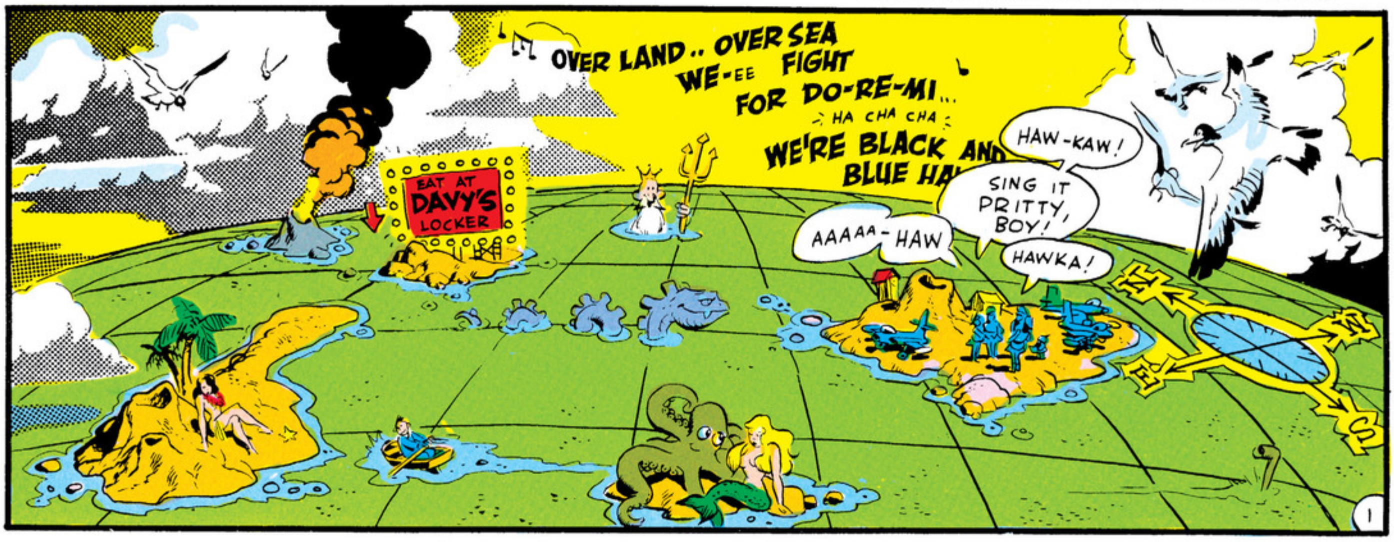


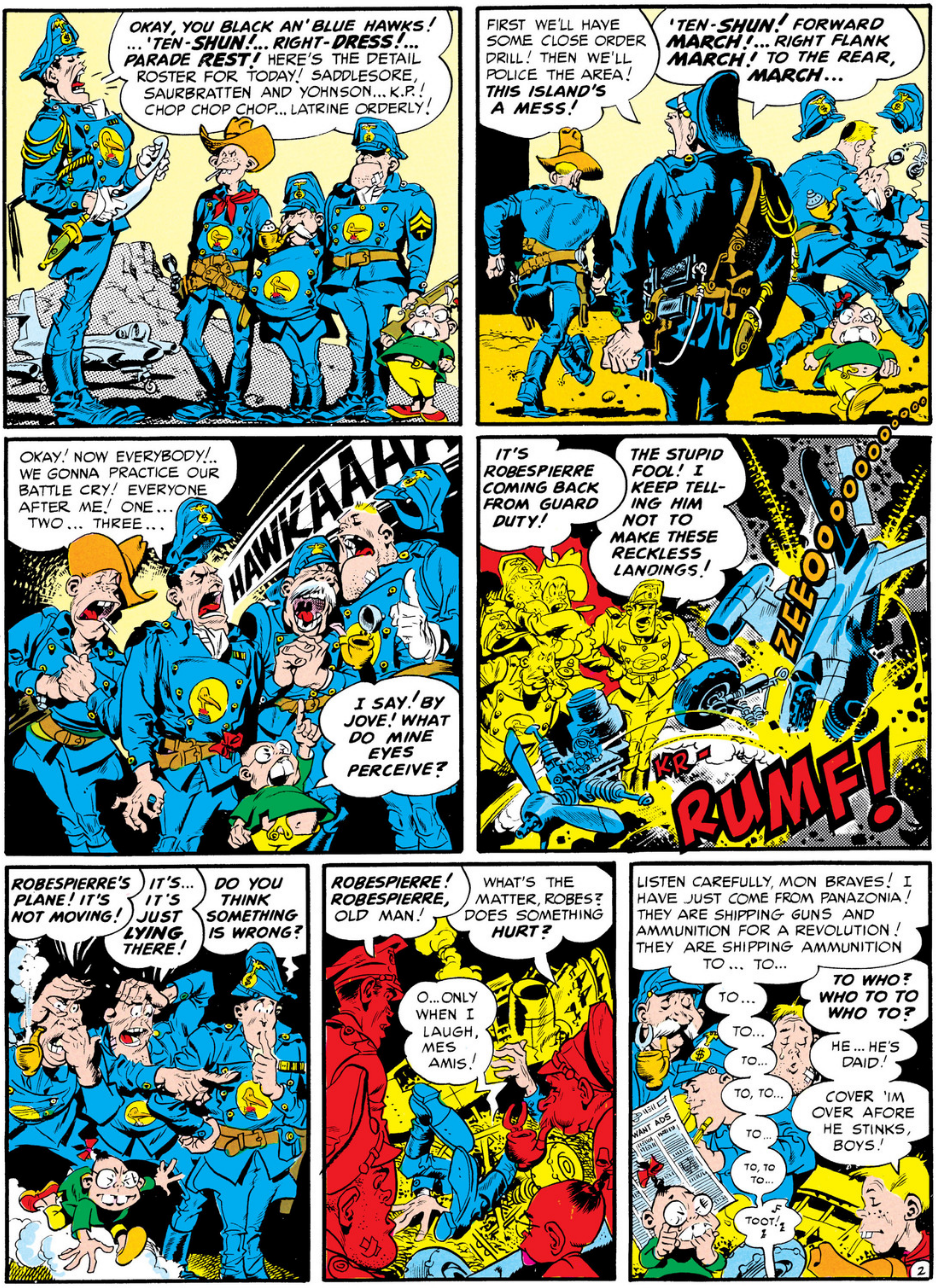


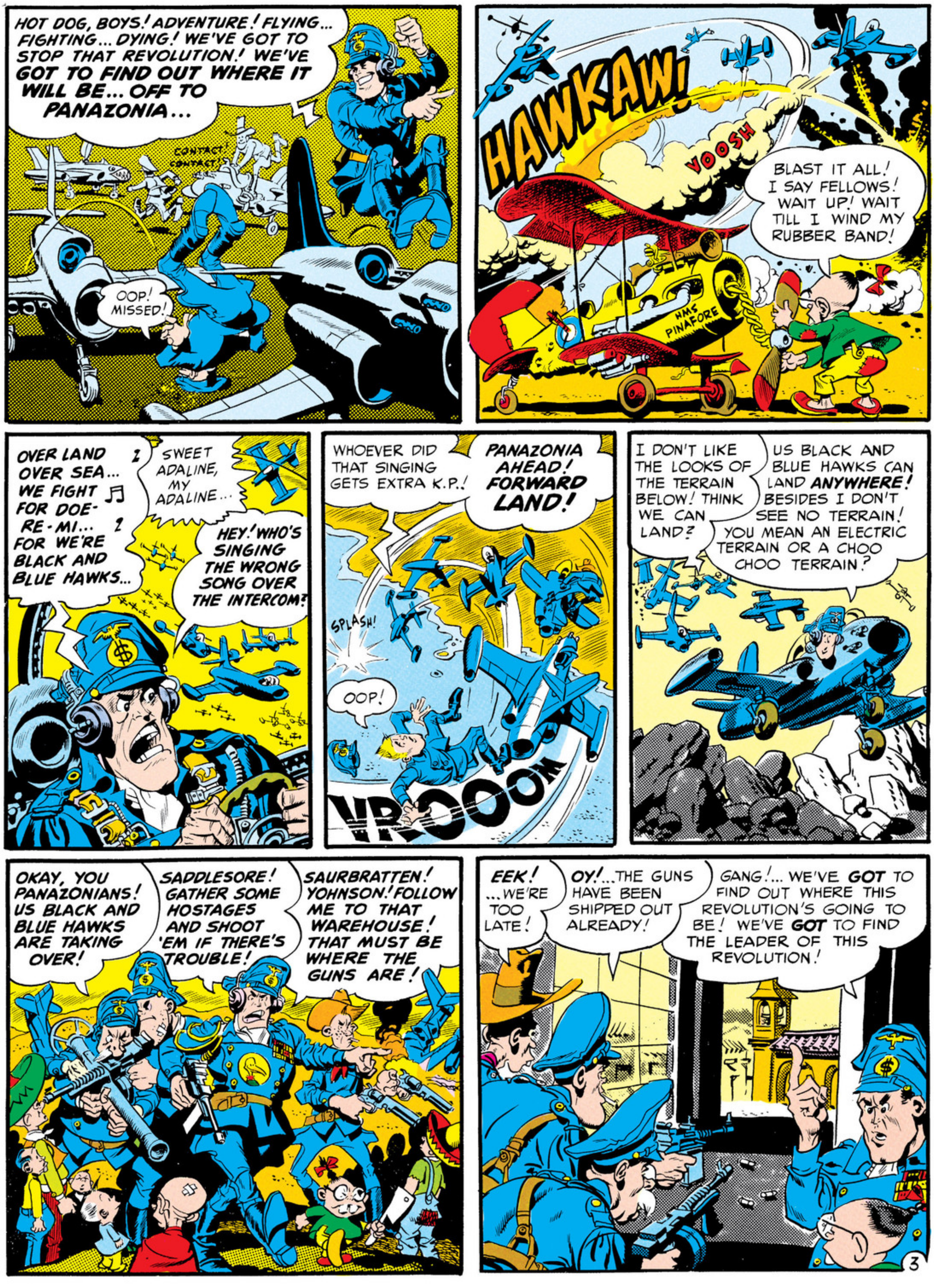
...YOU MIGHT SAY, THEY LIVED HEAPILLY EVER AFTER!
FULLA APPLE SAUCE!
SQUEEK!
LOTTA BALONEY
BUT IT'S TIME TO CLOSE MY SQUEAKING DOOR NOW! THANKS HEAPS FOR LISTENING! NOW GO TO BED AND HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S HEAP!
~NOTICE~ SARAH COME HOME- WE FOUND YOUR LEASH. MOTHER
DOES YOUR NOSE RUN AND YOUR FEET SMELL? OH! OH! — YOU'RE BUILT UP-SIDE DOWN!
KURTZ
CA·6· 1994
THINK!
SQUEEEEEEEEEE
DON'T STAY UP WAITING FOR THE 'HEAP' TO COME! THERE REALLY IS NO SUCH THING!
CIRCUS MAXIMUS SWORD SWALLOWER
THE WHOLE STORY WAS THE FIGMENT OF SOME IDIOTIC WRITER'S IMAGINATION!
WHO EVER HEARD OF A PILE OF GARBAGE BEING ABLE TO STEAL MONEY FROM BANKS!
I NEVER HEARD ANYTHING SO RIDICULOUS!... WELL... GOOD NIGHT! PLEASANT DREAMS...HMMMM?
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
CLUNK!
HEY! LOOK HERE!
I FORGOT TO TAKE THE GARBAGE OUT!
WAIT A MINUTE!
IT'S NOT GARBAGE!
IT'S...
IT'S...
HEAP!

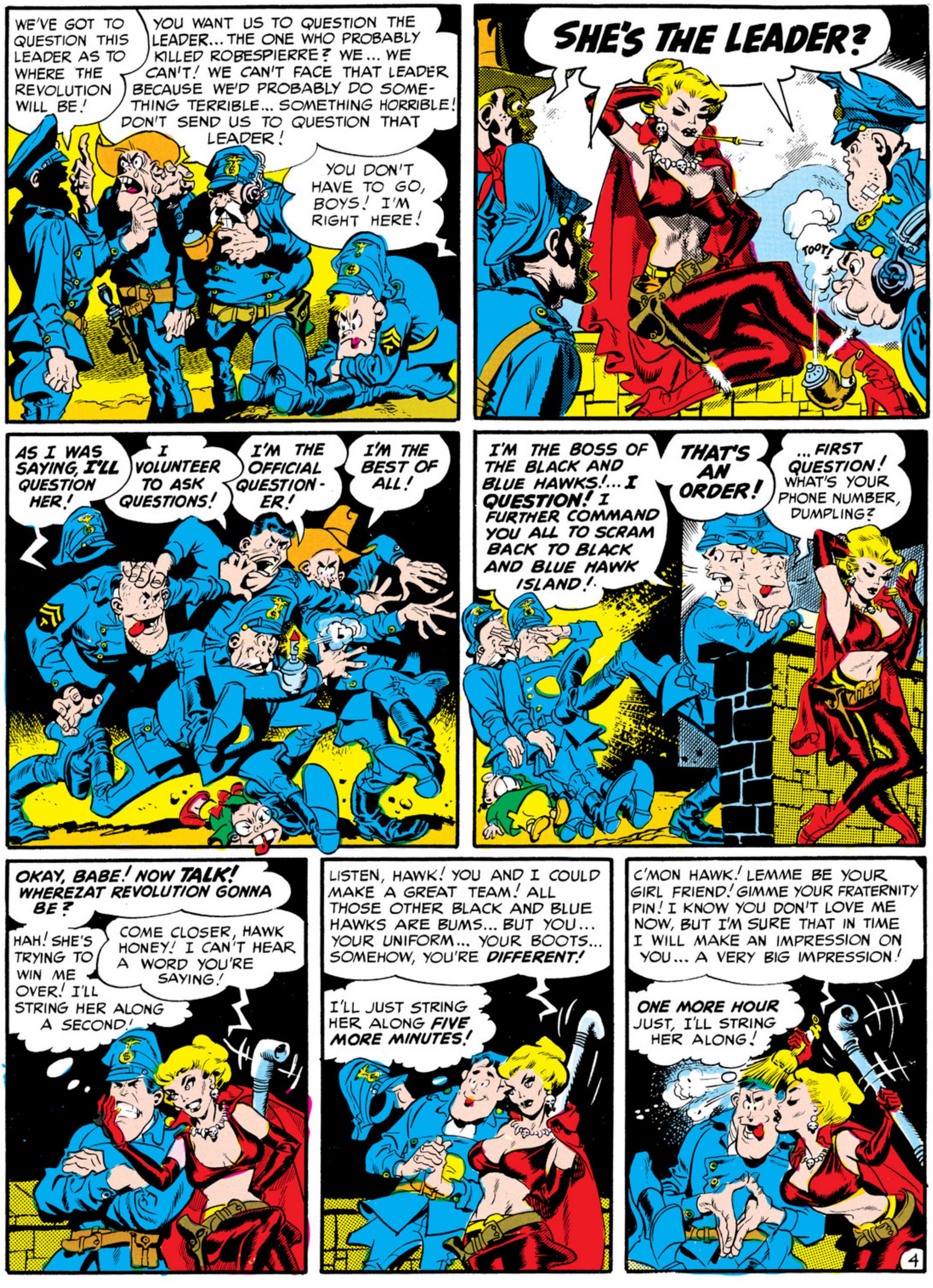


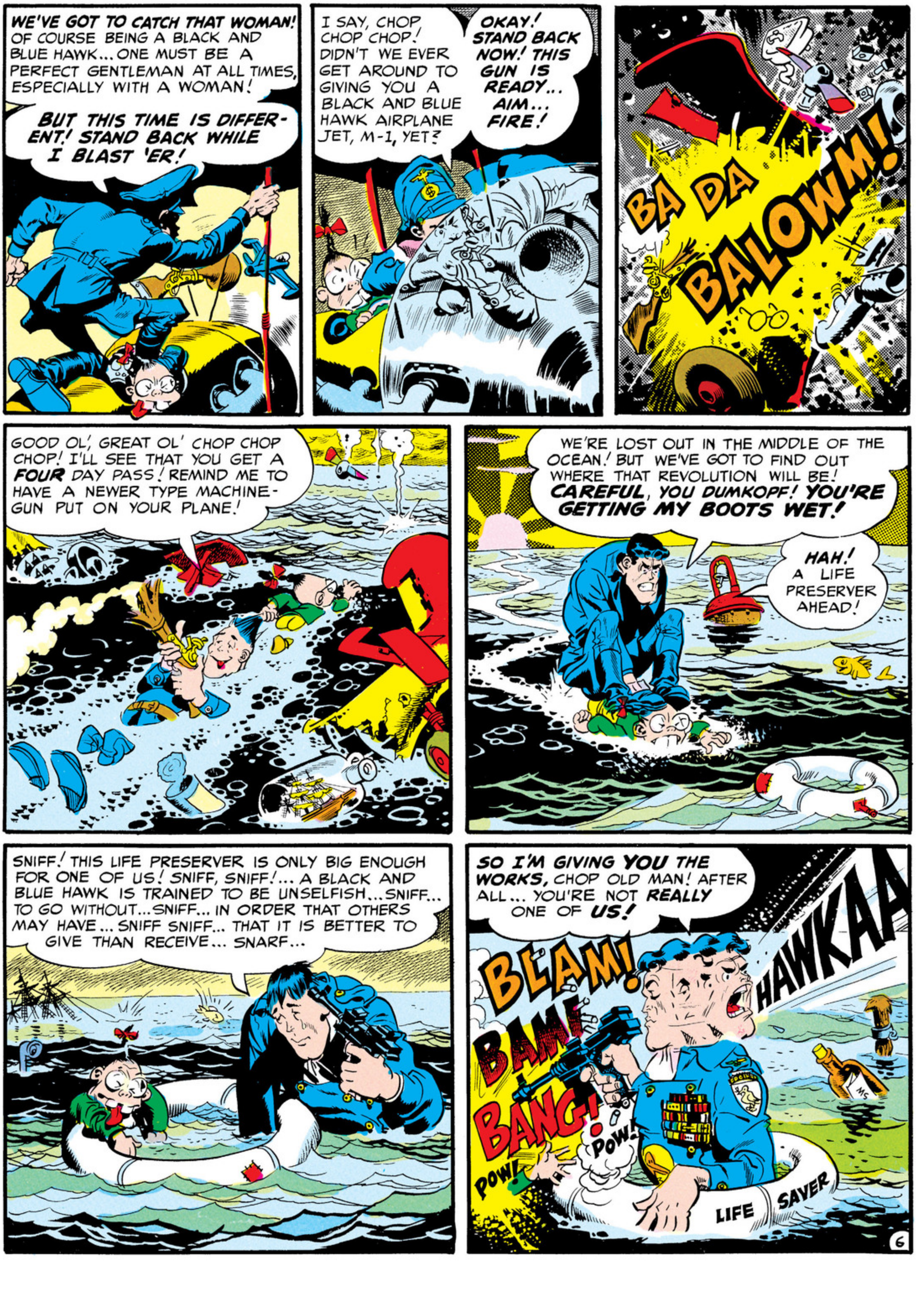
YES, DEAR READER, THESE ARE THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS... ***FLYING, FLYING, DYING*** FOR THE FUN OF IT! OH, I'M TELLING YOU... WHAT FUN! COME, THEN! ***COME***... TO A TINY ISLAND FAR OUT IN THE OCEAN! LATITUDE... ***ADVENTURE***, LONGITUDE... ***DANGER!*** FOR THIS IS THE HOME OF... THE ***ROOST*** OF... THE ***COOP*** OF... ***THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS!***



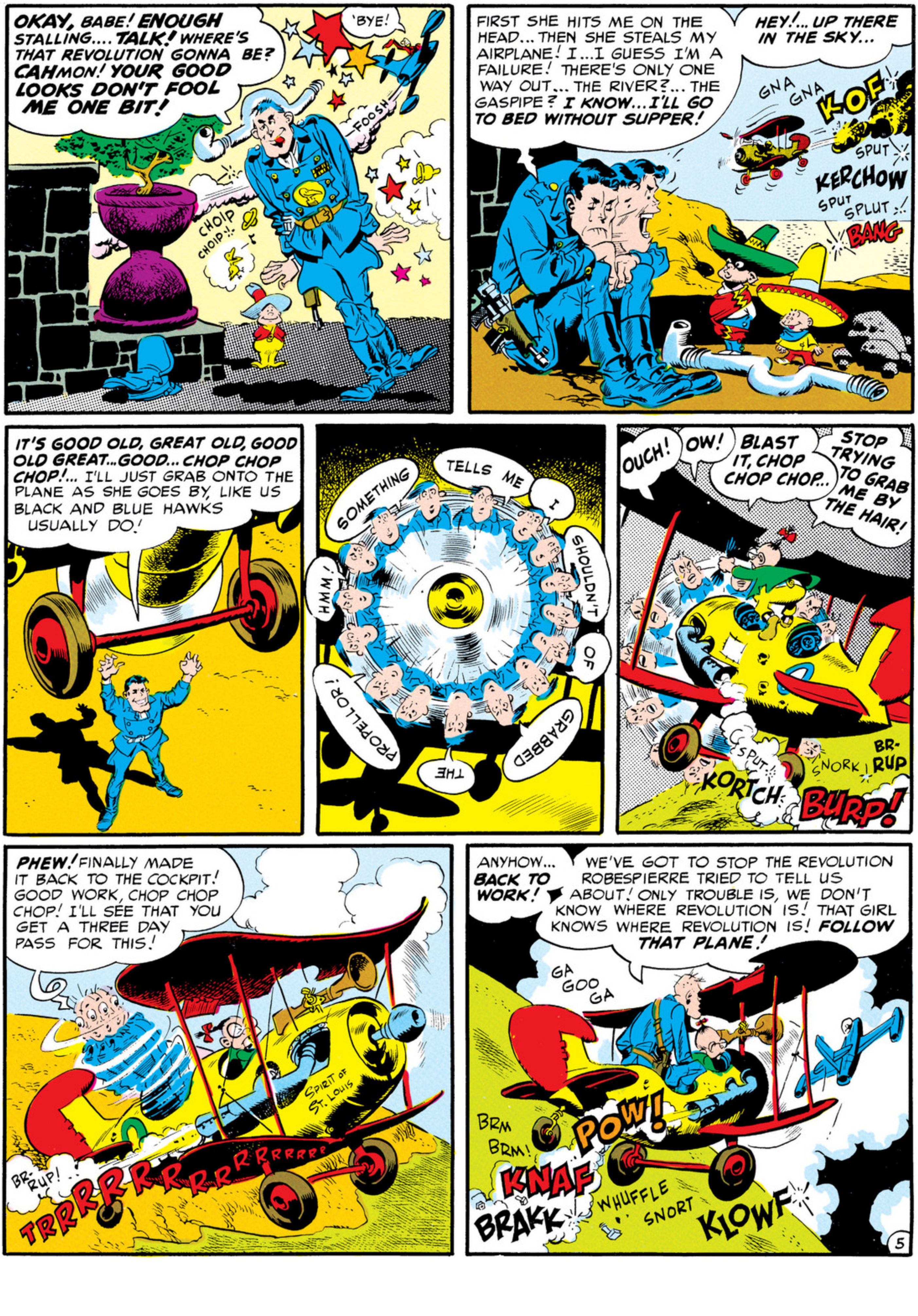

OKAY, YOU BLACK AN' BLUE HAWKS! ...'TEN-SHUN!... RIGHT-DRESS!... PARADE REST! HERE'S THE DETAIL ROSTER FOR TODAY! SADDLESORE, SAURBRATTEN AND YOHNSON... K.P.! CHOP CHOP CHOP... LATRINE ORDERLY!
FIRST WE'LL HAVE SOME CLOSE ORDER DRILL! THEN WE'LL POLICE THE AREA! THIS ISLAND'S A MESS!
'TEN-SHUN! FORWARD MARCH!... RIGHT FLANK MARCH! TO THE REAR, MARCH...
OKAY! NOW EVERYBODY!.. WE GONNA PRACTICE OUR BATTLE CRY! EVERYONE AFTER ME! ONE... TWO... THREE...
HAWKAAAH!
I SAY! BY JOVE! WHAT DO MINE EYES PERCEIVE?
IT'S ROBESPIERRE COMING BACK FROM GUARD DUTY!
THE STUPID FOOL! I KEEP TELLING HIM NOT TO MAKE THESE RECKLESS LANDINGS!
ZEEOOOOOOOO
KR-RUMF!
ROBESPIERRE'S PLANE! IT'S NOT MOVING!
IT'S... IT'S JUST LYING THERE!
DO YOU THINK SOMETHING IS WRONG?
ROBESPIERRE! ROBESPIERRE, OLD MAN!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, ROBES? DOES SOMETHING HURT?
O...ONLY WHEN I LAUGH, MES AMIS!
LISTEN CAREFULLY, MON BRAVES! I HAVE JUST COME FROM PANAZONIA! THEY ARE SHIPPING GUNS AND AMMUNITION FOR A REVOLUTION! THEY ARE SHIPPING AMMUNITION TO... TO...
TO...
TO...
TO...
TO, TO...
TO...
TO, TO TO...
TOOT!
TO WHO? WHO TO TO WHO TO?
HE... HE'S DAID!
COVER 'IM OVER AFORE HE STINKS, BOYS!
WANT ADS

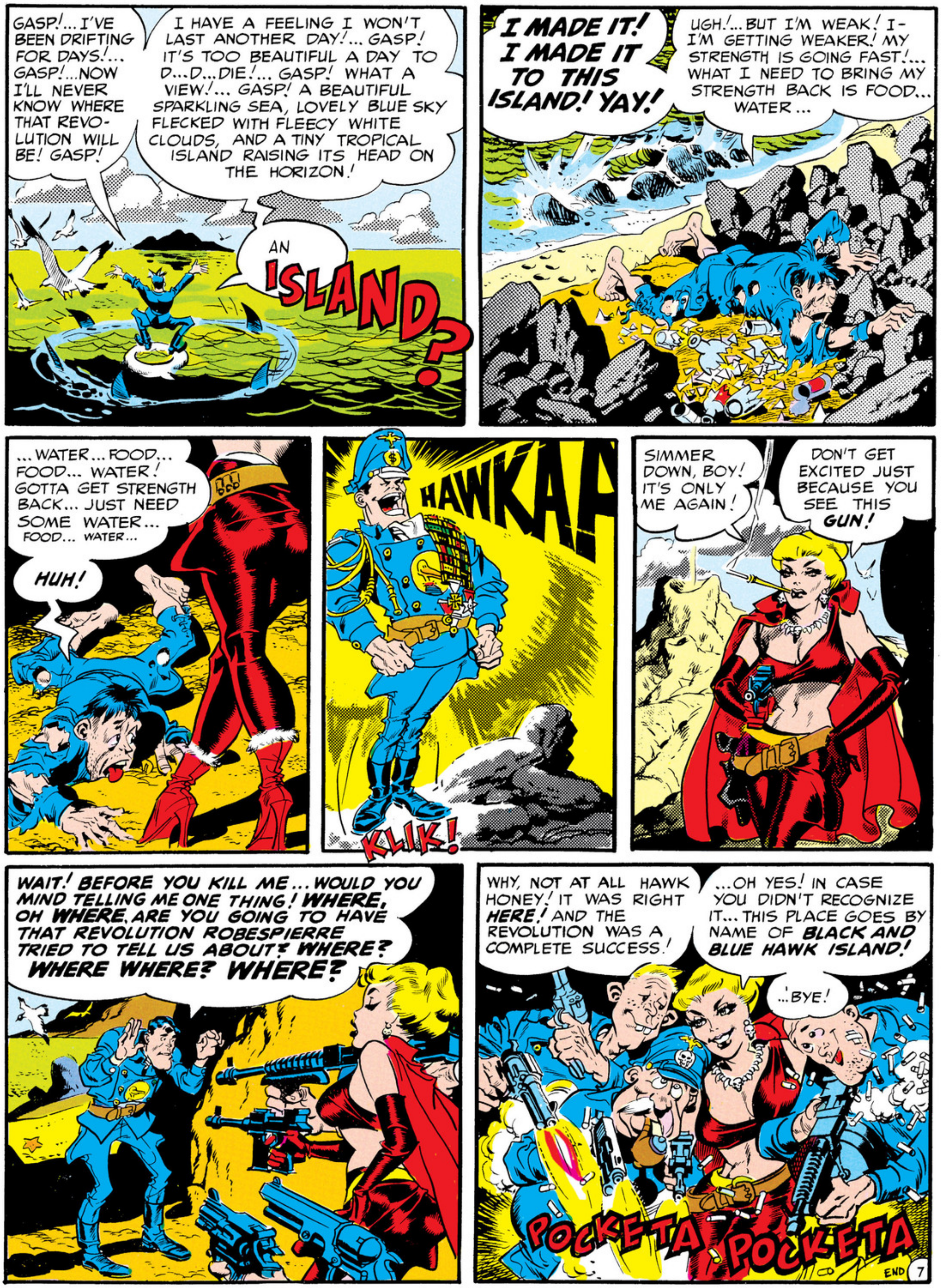

HOT DOG, BOYS! ADVENTURE! FLYING... FIGHTING... DYING! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT REVOLUTION! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE IT WILL BE... OFF TO PANAZONIA...
CONTACT! CONTACT!
OOP! MISSED!
HAWKAW!
VOOSH
BLAST IT ALL! I SAY FELLOWS! WAIT UP! WAIT TILL I WIND MY RUBBER BAND!
HMS PINAFORE
OVER LAND OVER SEA... WE FIGHT FOR DOE-RE-MI... FOR WE'RE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS...
SWEET ADALINE, MY ADALINE...
HEY! WHO'S SINGING THE WRONG SONG OVER THE INTERCOM?
WHOEVER DID THAT SINGING GETS EXTRA K.P.!
PANAZONIA AHEAD! FORWARD LAND!
SPLASH!
OOP!
VROOOOM
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THE TERRAIN BELOW! THINK WE CAN LAND?
US BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS CAN LAND ANYWHERE! BESIDES I DON'T SEE NO TERRAIN! YOU MEAN AN ELECTRIC TERRAIN OR A CHOO CHOO TERRAIN?
OKAY, YOU PANAZONIANS! US BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS ARE TAKING OVER!
SADDLESORE! GATHER SOME HOSTAGES AND SHOOT 'EM IF THERE'S TROUBLE!
SAURBRATTEN! YOHNSON! FOLLOW ME TO THAT WAREHOUSE! THAT MUST BE WHERE THE GUNS ARE!
EEK! ...WE'RE TOO LATE!
OY!... THE GUNS HAVE BEEN SHIPPED OUT ALREADY!
GANG!... WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THIS REVOLUTION'S GOING TO BE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE LEADER OF THIS REVOLUTION!

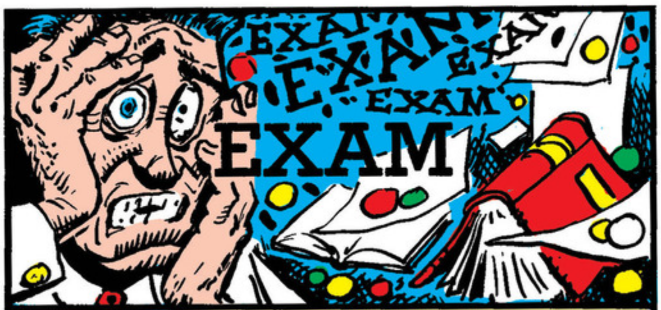

WE'VE GOT TO QUESTION THIS LEADER AS TO WHERE THE REVOLUTION WILL BE!
YOU WANT US TO QUESTION THE LEADER... THE ONE WHO PROBABLY KILLED ROBESPIERRE? WE... WE CAN'T! WE CAN'T FACE THAT LEADER BECAUSE WE'D PROBABLY DO SOMETHING TERRIBLE... SOMETHING HORRIBLE! DON'T SEND US TO QUESTION THAT LEADER!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO, BOYS! I'M RIGHT HERE!
SHE'S THE LEADER?
TOOT!
AS I WAS SAYING, I'LL QUESTION HER!
I VOLUNTEER TO ASK QUESTIONS!
I'M THE OFFICIAL QUESTIONER!
I'M THE BEST OF ALL!
I'M THE BOSS OF THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS!... I QUESTION! I FURTHER COMMAND YOU ALL TO SCRAM BACK TO BLACK AND BLUE HAWK ISLAND!
THAT'S AN ORDER!
...FIRST QUESTION! WHAT'S YOUR PHONE NUMBER, DUMPLING?
OKAY, BABE! NOW TALK! WHEREZAT REVOLUTION GONNA BE?
COME CLOSER, HAWK HONEY! I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU'RE SAYING!
HAH! SHE'S TRYING TO WIN ME OVER! I'LL STRING HER ALONG A SECOND!
LISTEN, HAWK! YOU AND I COULD MAKE A GREAT TEAM! ALL THOSE OTHER BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS ARE BUMS... BUT YOU... YOUR UNIFORM... YOUR BOOTS... SOMEHOW, YOU'RE DIFFERENT!
I'LL JUST STRING HER ALONG FIVE MORE MINUTES!
C'MON HAWK! LEMME BE YOUR GIRL FRIEND! GIMME YOUR FRATERNITY PIN! I KNOW YOU DON'T LOVE ME NOW, BUT I'M SURE THAT IN TIME I WILL MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON YOU... A VERY BIG IMPRESSION!
ONE MORE HOUR JUST, I'LL STRING HER ALONG!
4



WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT WOMAN! OF COURSE BEING A BLACK AND BLUE HAWK... ONE MUST BE A PERFECT GENTLEMAN AT ALL TIMES, ESPECIALLY WITH A WOMAN!
BUT THIS TIME IS DIFFERENT! STAND BACK WHILE I BLAST 'ER!
I SAY, CHOP CHOP CHOP! DIDN'T WE EVER GET AROUND TO GIVING YOU A BLACK AND BLUE HAWK AIRPLANE JET, M-1, YET?
OKAY! STAND BACK NOW! THIS GUN IS READY... AIM... FIRE!
BA DA BALOWM!
GOOD OL', GREAT OL' CHOP CHOP CHOP! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A FOUR DAY PASS! REMIND ME TO HAVE A NEWER TYPE MACHINE-GUN PUT ON YOUR PLANE!
WE'RE LOST OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN! BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THAT REVOLUTION WILL BE! CAREFUL, YOU DUMKOPF! YOU'RE GETTING MY BOOTS WET!
HAH! A LIFE PRESERVER AHEAD!
SNIFF! THIS LIFE PRESERVER IS ONLY BIG ENOUGH FOR ONE OF US! SNIFF, SNIFF!... A BLACK AND BLUE HAWK IS TRAINED TO BE UNSELFISH... SNIFF... TO GO WITHOUT... SNIFF... IN ORDER THAT OTHERS MAY HAVE... SNIFF SNIFF... THAT IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN RECEIVE... SNARF...
SO I'M GIVING YOU THE WORKS, CHOP OLD MAN! AFTER ALL... YOU'RE NOT REALLY ONE OF US!
BLAM!
BAM!
BANG!
POW!
POW!
HAWKAA
LIFE SAVER


OKAY, BABE! ENOUGH STALLING.... TALK! WHERE'S THAT REVOLUTION GONNA BE? CAHMON! YOUR GOOD LOOKS DON'T FOOL ME ONE BIT!
'BYE!
FOOSH
CHOIP CHOIP
FIRST SHE HITS ME ON THE HEAD... THEN SHE STEALS MY AIRPLANE! I...I GUESS I'M A FAILURE! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT... THE RIVER?... THE GASPIPE? I KNOW...I'LL GO TO BED WITHOUT SUPPER!
HEY!... UP THERE IN THE SKY...
GNA GNA
KOF
SPUT
KERCHOW
SPUT SPLUT
BANG
IT'S GOOD OLD, GREAT OLD, GOOD OLD GREAT...GOOD... CHOP CHOP CHOP!... I'LL JUST GRAB ONTO THE PLANE AS SHE GOES BY, LIKE US BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS USUALLY DO!
HMM!
SOMETHING
TELLS ME
I
SHOULDN'T
OF
GRABBED
THE
PROPELLOR!
OUCH!
OW!
BLAST IT, CHOP CHOP CHOP...
STOP TRYING TO GRAB ME BY THE HAIR!
SPUT
SNORK
BR-RUP
KORTCH
BURP!
PHEW! FINALLY MADE IT BACK TO THE COCKPIT! GOOD WORK, CHOP CHOP CHOP! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A THREE DAY PASS FOR THIS!
SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS
BR-RUP!
TRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
ANYHOW... BACK TO WORK!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THE REVOLUTION ROBESPIERRE TRIED TO TELL US ABOUT! ONLY TROUBLE IS, WE DON'T KNOW WHERE REVOLUTION IS! THAT GIRL KNOWS WHERE REVOLUTION IS! FOLLOW THAT PLANE!
GA GOO GA
BRM BRM!
POW!
KNAF
BRAKK
WHUFFLE
SNORT
KLOWF


GASP!... I'VE BEEN DRIFTING FOR DAYS!... GASP!...NOW I'LL NEVER KNOW WHERE THAT REVO-LUTION WILL BE! GASP!
I HAVE A FEELING I WON'T LAST ANOTHER DAY!... GASP! IT'S TOO BEAUTIFUL A DAY TO D...D...DIE!... GASP! WHAT A VIEW!... GASP! A BEAUTIFUL SPARKLING SEA, LOVELY BLUE SKY FLECKED WITH FLEECY WHITE CLOUDS, AND A TINY TROPICAL ISLAND RAISING ITS HEAD ON THE HORIZON!
AN ISLAND?
I MADE IT! I MADE IT TO THIS ISLAND! YAY!
UGH!... BUT I'M WEAK! I- I'M GETTING WEAKER! MY STRENGTH IS GOING FAST!... WHAT I NEED TO BRING MY STRENGTH BACK IS FOOD... WATER...
...WATER...FOOD... FOOD... WATER! GOTTA GET STRENGTH BACK... JUST NEED SOME WATER... FOOD... WATER...
HUH!
HAWKAA
KLIK!
SIMMER DOWN, BOY! IT'S ONLY ME AGAIN!
DON'T GET EXCITED JUST BECAUSE YOU SEE THIS GUN!
WAIT! BEFORE YOU KILL ME... WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME ONE THING! WHERE, OH WHERE, ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE THAT REVOLUTION ROBESPIERRE TRIED TO TELL US ABOUT? WHERE? WHERE WHERE? WHERE?
WHY, NOT AT ALL HAWK HONEY! IT WAS RIGHT HERE! AND THE REVOLUTION WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS!
...OH YES! IN CASE YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE IT... THIS PLACE GOES BY NAME OF BLACK AND BLUE HAWK ISLAND!
...BYE!
POCKETA POCKETA
END



Examination days are occasions inseparably associated with quiet, solemn classrooms, worried and haunted classmates, and alternate hope and despair. Here is a scientific analysis of what happens to the average college student on an exam day!

11:30 p.m. to 6:31 a.m.:
Grotesque dream of the entire faculty, becomingly clad in purple tuxedos, busily engaged in tearing up a diploma.

A.M.:

6:32—Awoke from troubled sleep, feeling like nothing at all.
6:33—Wished to be in Tahiti.
6:34—Wished to be back in the third grade.
6:37—Washed savagely. Soap in eye. No towels.
6:42—Button on collar refuses to function. Ripped it off in desperation and pulled up tie until it threatened strangulation
7:00—Greeted family with inarticulate grunt. Bore their efforts at encouragement with grimaces.
7:05—Hearty breakfast of one piece of toast and one cup of coffee.
7:20—Departed, slamming door.
7:25—Sneered at traffic cop.
7:39—Boarded train in a half-hope for an open switch and a sort of miraculous wreck that would ruin the train without injuring anybody.
7:45—Made conductor wait for ticket.
7:48—Tried to think of what Archimedes did and why he did it.
7:51—Opened Physics book.

7:52—Closed Physics book.
8:10—Left train regretfully.
8:15—Hailed classmate and walked together in gloomy silence.
8:30—Arrived in silent, oh so silent, students' lounge.
8:35—Smoked.
8:40—Looked at watch.
8:41—Asked friend the time.
8:42—Wondered what time it was.
8:45—Stared at stricken figures of classmates.
8:47—Had serious talk with self. Decided that there was nothing to fear.
8:48—Began to tremble.
8:50—Resolved to do a lot of studying *next* term.
8:52—Straightened tie as first bell rang.
8:55—Arrived in classroom. Managed sickly smile and faint greeting for the proctor.
9:00—Looked over exam. Feeling in stomach became acute.
9:01—Wondered if that pain might be appendicitis.
9:05—Coughed.
9:07—Began examination.
9:45—Looked out window. Envied child in baby carriage.
10:20—Made desperate search of mind for that formula needed for problem.
10:30—Felt inspired. Wrote something.
11:05—Handed in exam paper with a silent prayer.
11:10—Dashed hysterically for the train.
11:33—Boarded train.
11:45—Thought of correct formula for that problem.
11:50—Inspected fingernails.

P.M.:

12:20—Arrived home.
12:22—Answered all queries with, "I'll know when the marks come out!"
12:23—Coughed.

MAD MUMBLINGS

We've said it in our advertisements! We've said it on our covers! MAD IS CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD! We, the editors of MAD do not make false statements! We said we'd drive you mad . . . AND WE MEANT IT! Now . . . here is proof . . . proof positive that MAD is driving our readers quite insane! Here is a sampling of letters from some of our MAD readers! Read them and see what MAD did for THEM! SEE WHAT MAD CAN DO FOR YOU!

Dear Editors,

I rushed to buy a copy of MAD and showed it to all of my friends. They both died laughing. Here is the coroner's report: ". . . as a direct result of asphyxiation, and due to hilarious and sustained laughter."—David S. Hawley—Albuquerque, New Mexico

. . . I keep my MAD Classics on the same shelf with my Harvard Classics.—John R. Williams—Groton, Conn.

. . . When my brother was reading your latest edition of MAD, he laughed so hard I thought he'd bust a gut. He did! Am enclosing bill for one busted gut!—Tim Rice—Wash., D. C. (Hey . . . you mean EEE-see, don't ya Tim?—editors)

. . . I love MAD. Don't pay any attention to those uncouth persons who are criticizing you.—Ernest Gardner—Newark, N. J.

. . . Melvyn has the qualities of making a good president. Long Live Melvyn! Long Live Mad.—The Mad Cadets of Greenbrier Military School—Lewisburg, W. Va.

. . . Next to MAD, we all love Marilyn Monroe. Can you work HER into a take-off? Bring back Melvyn of the Apes.—Bob Olson—Culver Military Academy [no address given] (Don't know about a take-off, Bob, but we'd gladly EXCHANGE Mad for Marilyn!—ed.)

. . . Mad is real cool. It's real frampton, George, and that sort of tommyrot.—Daniel J. Saffer—North Wales, Pa.

. . . I like your MAD so much that I'm playing ping-pong with my head.—Bubba Bailey—Wichita Falls, Texas (That's O.K. if your head is rubba, Bubba!—ed.)

. . . I am an airplane stewardess. I found the first issue of Mad flung on a seat of one of our planes. The entire crew have been loyal readers since.—Bev Evans—Northern Pacific Airlines, Anchorage, Alaska

. . . I have just finished reading your latest copy of MAD and the little men in the white jackets are here.—Elaine North—Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . (!)—Stan Shapiro—Chicago, Ill. (??—ed.)

. . . I saw the word "pizza Pie" in your "Dragged Net" story, and I'm sorry to say that in Italian, the word "pizza" means "pie." So what you really were saying was, "pie pie"! John Anastasio—New Haven, Conn. P.S. What in the world is "borscht"?

"Borscht" is a soup! Quite often, pizza pie is DUNKED in borscht. This is nothing as delicious as borscht-sopped pizza pie, with an Irish stew chaser!—ed.

. . . I don't know how I'd face life without MAD! It has everyone around here screaming. Please continue stories like "Dragged Net" and "Mole."—David Cassell—Erie Pa.

. . . I am the librarian for my ship, and I distribute the various magazines among the crew. All my shipmates have read the one copy of MAD we have on board. Although the cover of this mag is now off, and the pages are ragged, I am still retaining my original copy to show to my friends when I go home.—Ralph Cassol—U.S.S. Badoeng Strait CVE 116, Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

. . . I am manager of the Lake Theater in Lake Worth, Florida. "Dragged Net" had me in stitches, and I showed it to the ushers. I couldn't get any work out of them all night long!—Charles Cassini—Lake Worth, Fla.

Bet the neckers in the balcony had a good night, Charlie!—ed.

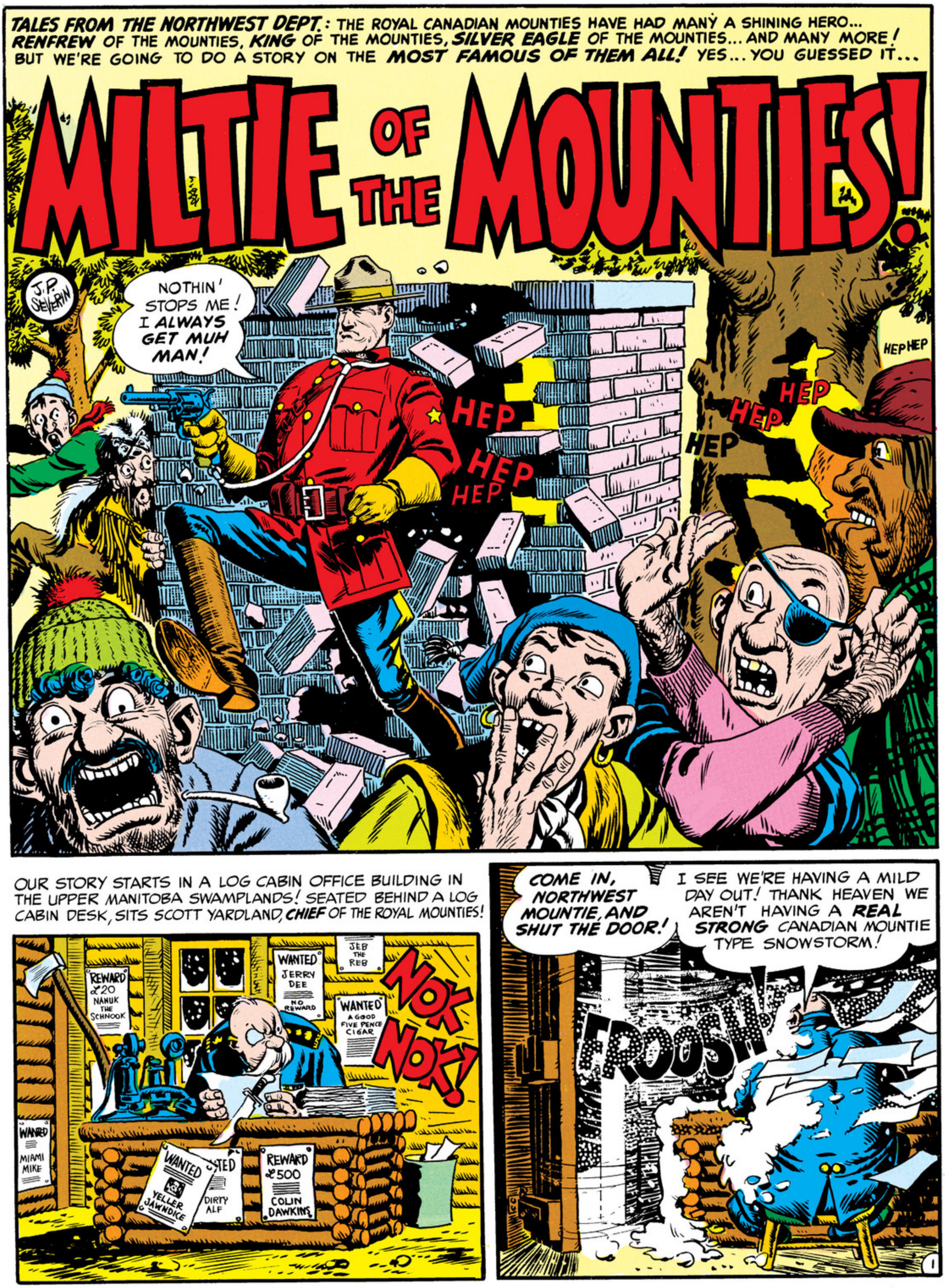
. . . What I like best in your issue was the "Sheik of Araby," which I believe might easily be a satire on "Beau Geste." Whoever rigged it up deserves a lot of credit. Your MAD is satirical subtle, and sophisticated, and I am bewitched, bothered, and bewildered. It's actually a "high-brow" comic, but I hope the public takes to it!—Robert L. Drazen—Brooklyn, N. Y.

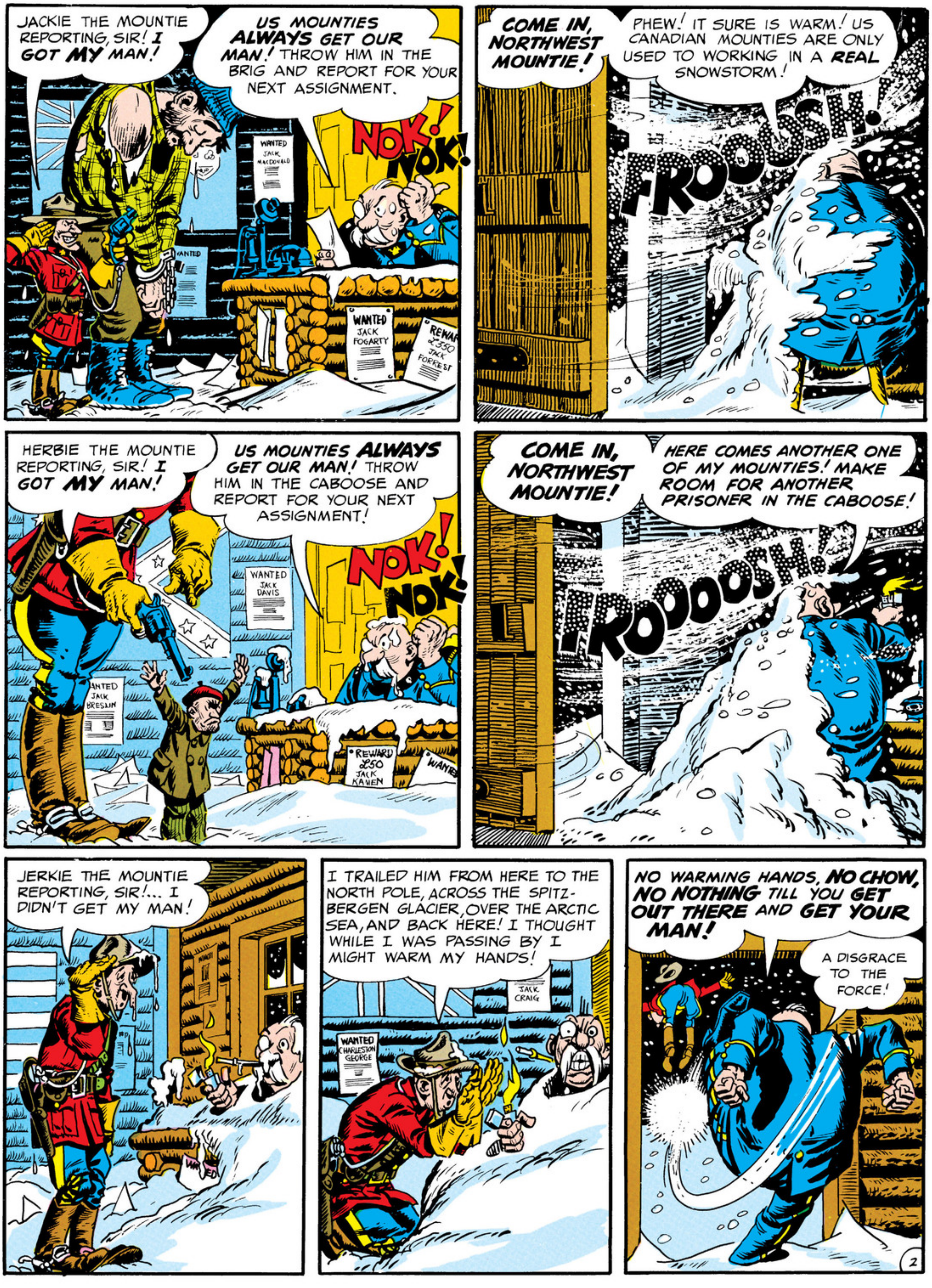
. . . After reading Mad, I got a little room all to myself. Funny thing . . . it's got pads? Don't give up the book . . . I've just begun to read!—Donald Cole—USAF, Albuquerque, N. M.

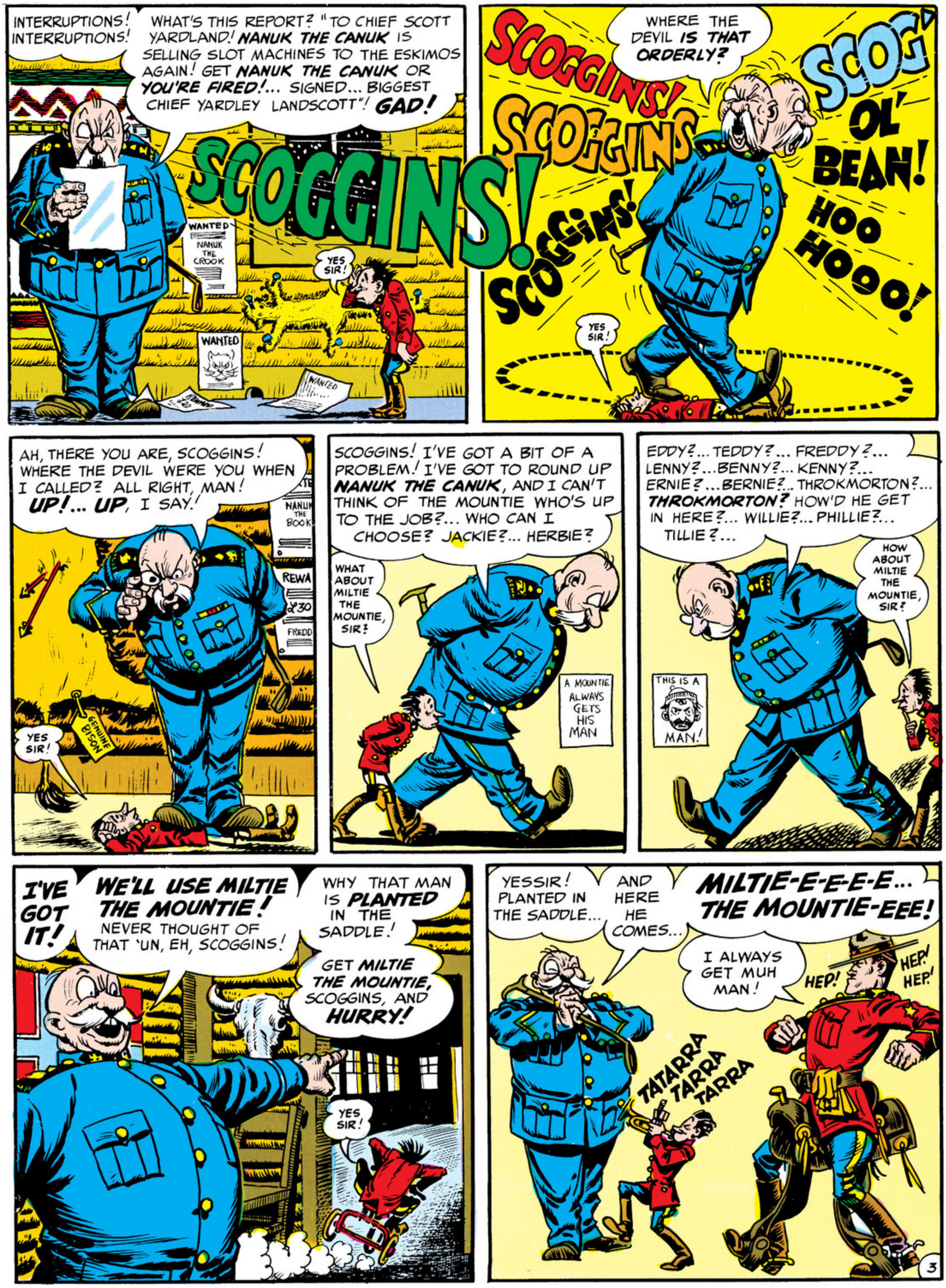
O.K., D.C. (D.C.? . . . NO . . . EEE SEE!) If'n ya promise not to buy till ya see the whites of our E.C. emblems!—ed.

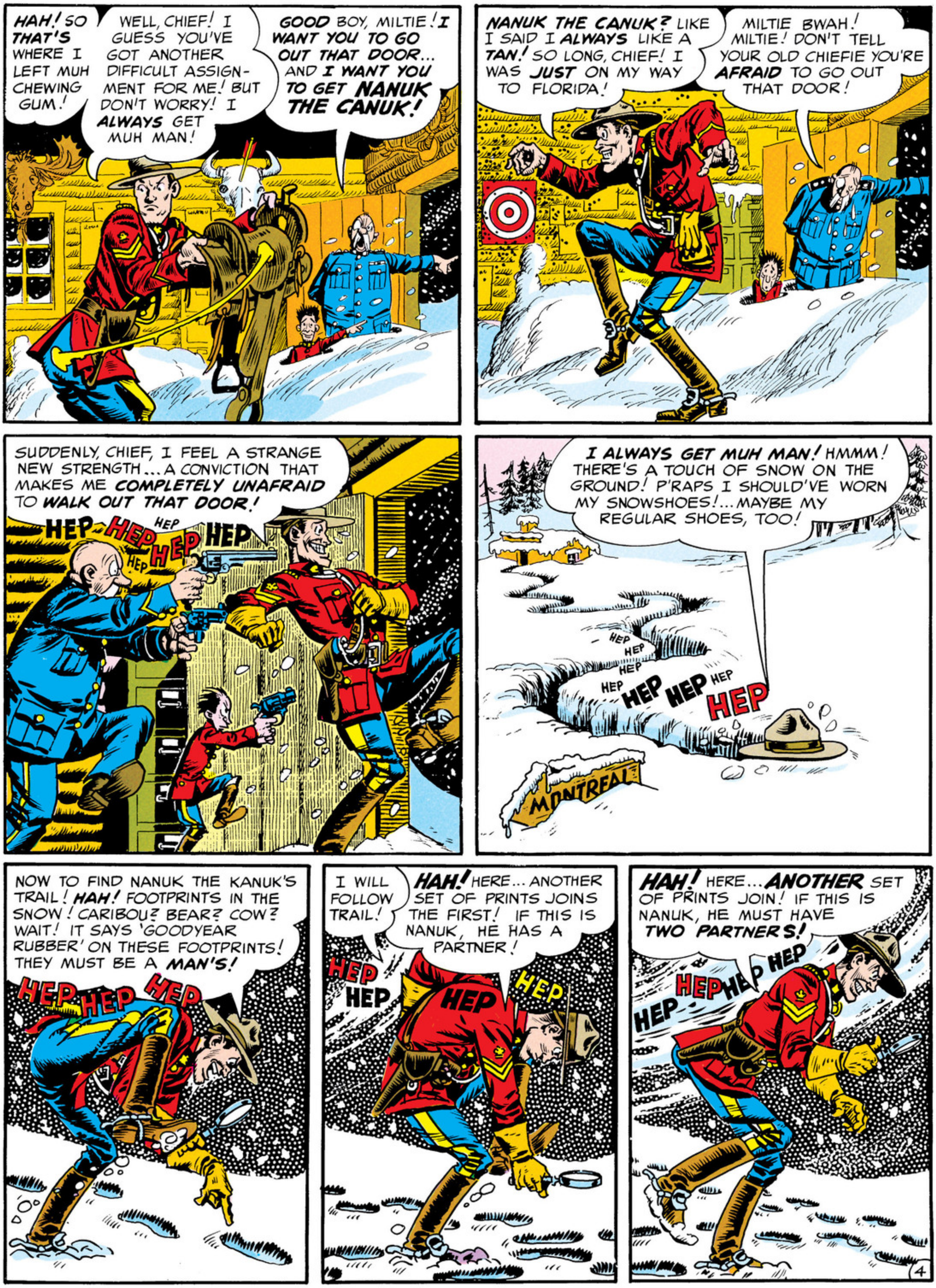
AND NOT ONLY IS MAD CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD, IT'S ROUNDER, FIRMER, MORE FULLY PACKED . . . SO FREE AND EASY ON THE GUFFAW! Well, please keep writing, suggesting, criticizing, etc. The address for mail or subscription orders (75c for 6 issues . . . full year's supply!) is:

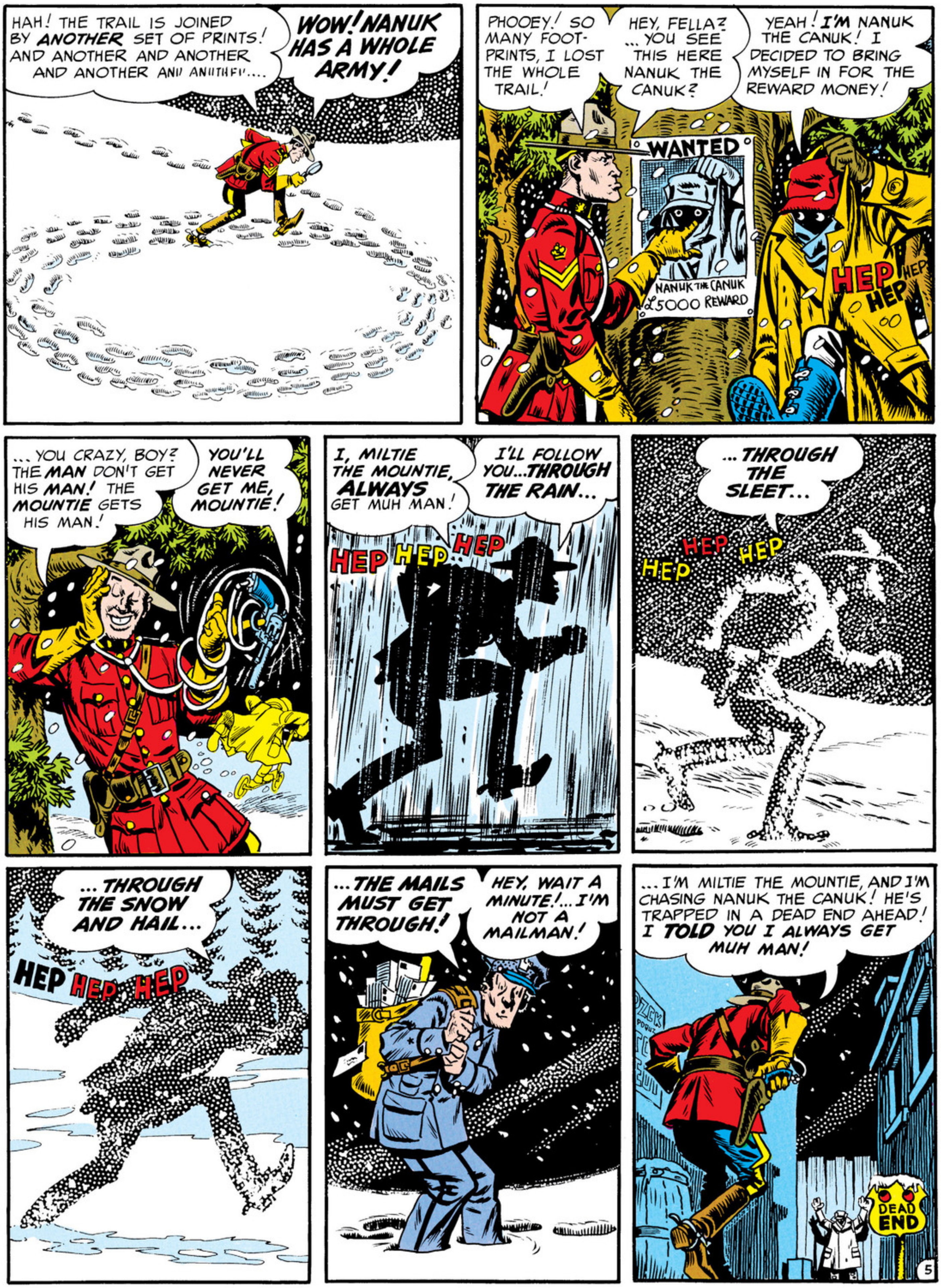
Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 5
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.


TALES FROM THE NORTHWEST DEPT.: THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTIES HAVE HAD MANY A SHINING HERO... RENFREW OF THE MOUNTIES, KING OF THE MOUNTIES, SILVER EAGLE OF THE MOUNTIES... AND MANY MORE! BUT WE'RE GOING TO DO A STORY ON THE MOST FAMOUS OF THEM ALL! YES... YOU GUESSED IT...
MILTIE OF THE MOUNTIES!
J.P. SEVERIN
NOTHIN' STOPS ME! I ALWAYS GET MUH MAN!
HEP HEP HEP
HEP HEP HEP
HEP HEP
OUR STORY STARTS IN A LOG CABIN OFFICE BUILDING IN THE UPPER MANITOBA SWAMPLANDS! SEATED BEHIND A LOG CABIN DESK, SITS SCOTT YARDLAND, CHIEF OF THE ROYAL MOUNTIES!
REWARD £20 NANUK THE SCHNOOK
WANTED JERRY DEE NO REWARD
JEB THE REB
WANTED A GOOD FIVE PENCE CIGAR
NOK NOK!
WANTED MIAMI MIKE
WANTED YELLER JAWNDICE
WANTED DIRTY ALF
REWARD £500 COLIN DAWKINS
COME IN, NORTHWEST MOUNTIE, AND SHUT THE DOOR!
I SEE WE'RE HAVING A MILD DAY OUT! THANK HEAVEN WE AREN'T HAVING A REAL STRONG CANADIAN MOUNTIE TYPE SNOWSTORM!
FROOSH!
1

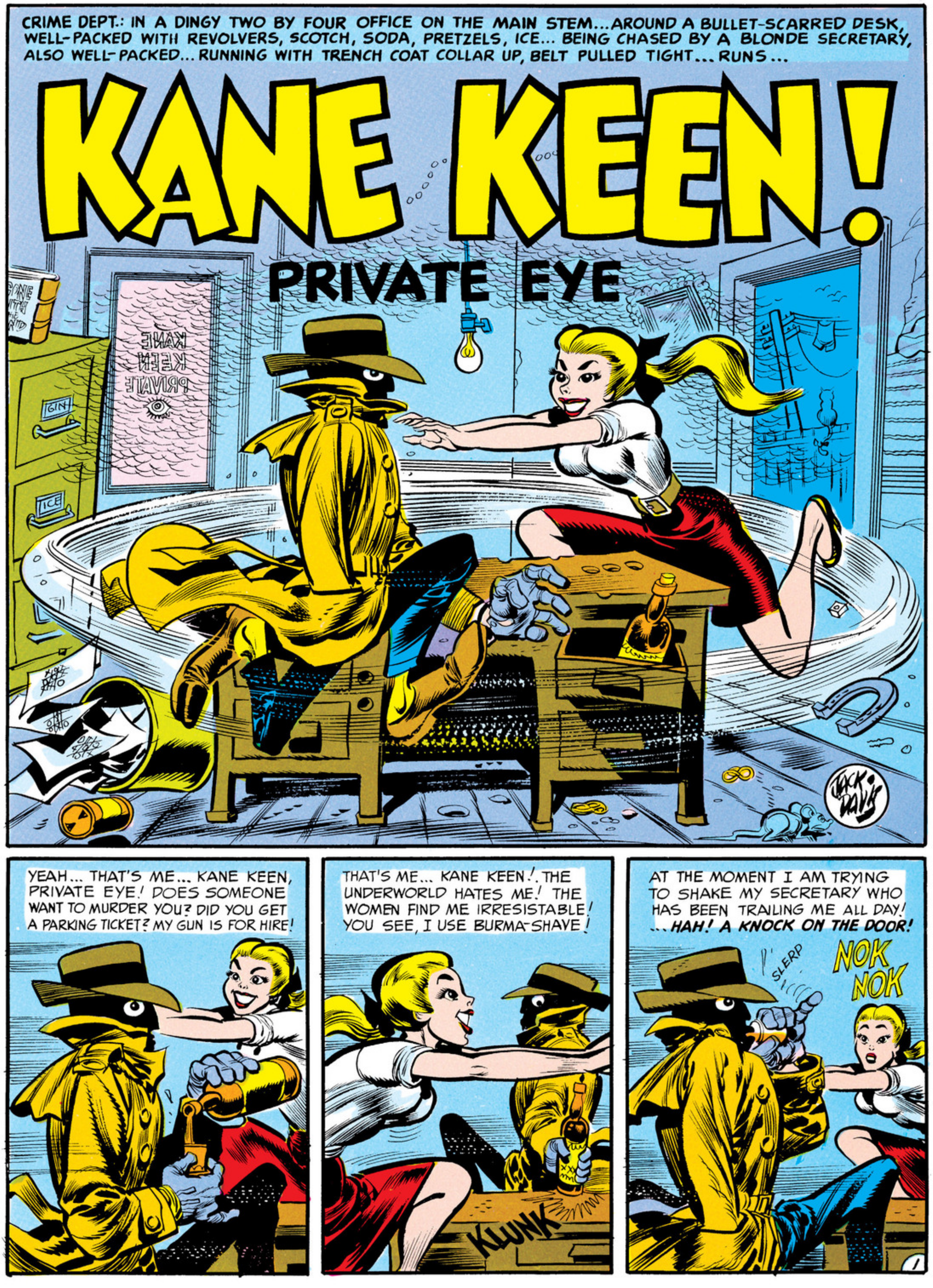

JACKIE THE MOUNTIE REPORTING, SIR! I GOT MY MAN!
US MOUNTIES ALWAYS GET OUR MAN! THROW HIM IN THE BRIG AND REPORT FOR YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT.
NOK! NOK!
WANTED JACK MACDONALD
WANTED
WANTED JACK FOGARTY
REWAR £350 JACK FORREST
COME IN, NORTHWEST MOUNTIE!
PHEW! IT SURE IS WARM! US CANADIAN MOUNTIES ARE ONLY USED TO WORKING IN A REAL SNOWSTORM!
FROOOSH!
HERBIE THE MOUNTIE REPORTING, SIR! I GOT MY MAN!
US MOUNTIES ALWAYS GET OUR MAN! THROW HIM IN THE CABOOSE AND REPORT FOR YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT!
NOK! NOK!
WANTED JACK DAVIS
WANTED JACK BRESLIN
REWARD £50 JACK KAHEN
WANTE
COME IN, NORTHWEST MOUNTIE!
HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE OF MY MOUNTIES! MAKE ROOM FOR ANOTHER PRISONER IN THE CABOOSE!
FROOOOSH!
JERKIE THE MOUNTIE REPORTING, SIR!... I DIDN'T GET MY MAN!
I TRAILED HIM FROM HERE TO THE NORTH POLE, ACROSS THE SPITZ-BERGEN GLACIER, OVER THE ARCTIC SEA, AND BACK HERE! I THOUGHT WHILE I WAS PASSING BY I MIGHT WARM MY HANDS!
JACK CRAIG
WANTED CHARLESTON GEORGE
NO WARMING HANDS, NO CHOW, NO NOTHING TILL YOU GET OUT THERE AND GET YOUR MAN!
A DISGRACE TO THE FORCE!


INTERRUPTIONS! INTERRUPTIONS!
WHAT'S THIS REPORT? "TO CHIEF SCOTT YARDLAND! NANUK THE CANUK IS SELLING SLOT MACHINES TO THE ESKIMOS AGAIN! GET NANUK THE CANUK OR YOU'RE FIRED!... SIGNED... BIGGEST CHIEF YARDLEY LANDSCOTT"! GAD!
SCOGGINS!
WANTED NANUK THE CROOK
WANTED
YES SIR!
SCOGGINS! SCOGGINS SCOGGINS! SCOG OL' BEAN! HOO HOOO!
WHERE THE DEVIL IS THAT ORDERLY?
YES SIR!
AH, THERE YOU ARE, SCOGGINS! WHERE THE DEVIL WERE YOU WHEN I CALLED? ALL RIGHT, MAN! UP!... UP, I SAY!
GENUINE BISON
YES SIR!
SCOGGINS! I'VE GOT A BIT OF A PROBLEM! I'VE GOT TO ROUND UP NANUK THE CANUK, AND I CAN'T THINK OF THE MOUNTIE WHO'S UP TO THE JOB?... WHO CAN I CHOOSE? JACKIE?... HERBIE?
WHAT ABOUT MILTIE THE MOUNTIE, SIR?
A MOUNTIE ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN
EDDY?... TEDDY?... FREDDY?... LENNY?...BENNY?... KENNY?... ERNIE?...BERNIE?... THROKMORTON?... THROKMORTON? HOW'D HE GET IN HERE?... WILLIE?... PHILLIE?... TILLIE?...
HOW ABOUT MILTIE THE MOUNTIE, SIR?
THIS IS A MAN!
I'VE GOT IT!
WE'LL USE MILTIE THE MOUNTIE! NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT 'UN, EH, SCOGGINS!
WHY THAT MAN IS PLANTED IN THE SADDLE!
GET MILTIE THE MOUNTIE, SCOGGINS, AND HURRY!
YES SIR!
YESSIR! PLANTED IN THE SADDLE...
AND HERE HE COMES...
MILTIE-E-E-E-E... THE MOUNTIE-EEE!
I ALWAYS GET MUH MAN!
HEP! HEP! HEP!
TATARRA TARRA TARRA

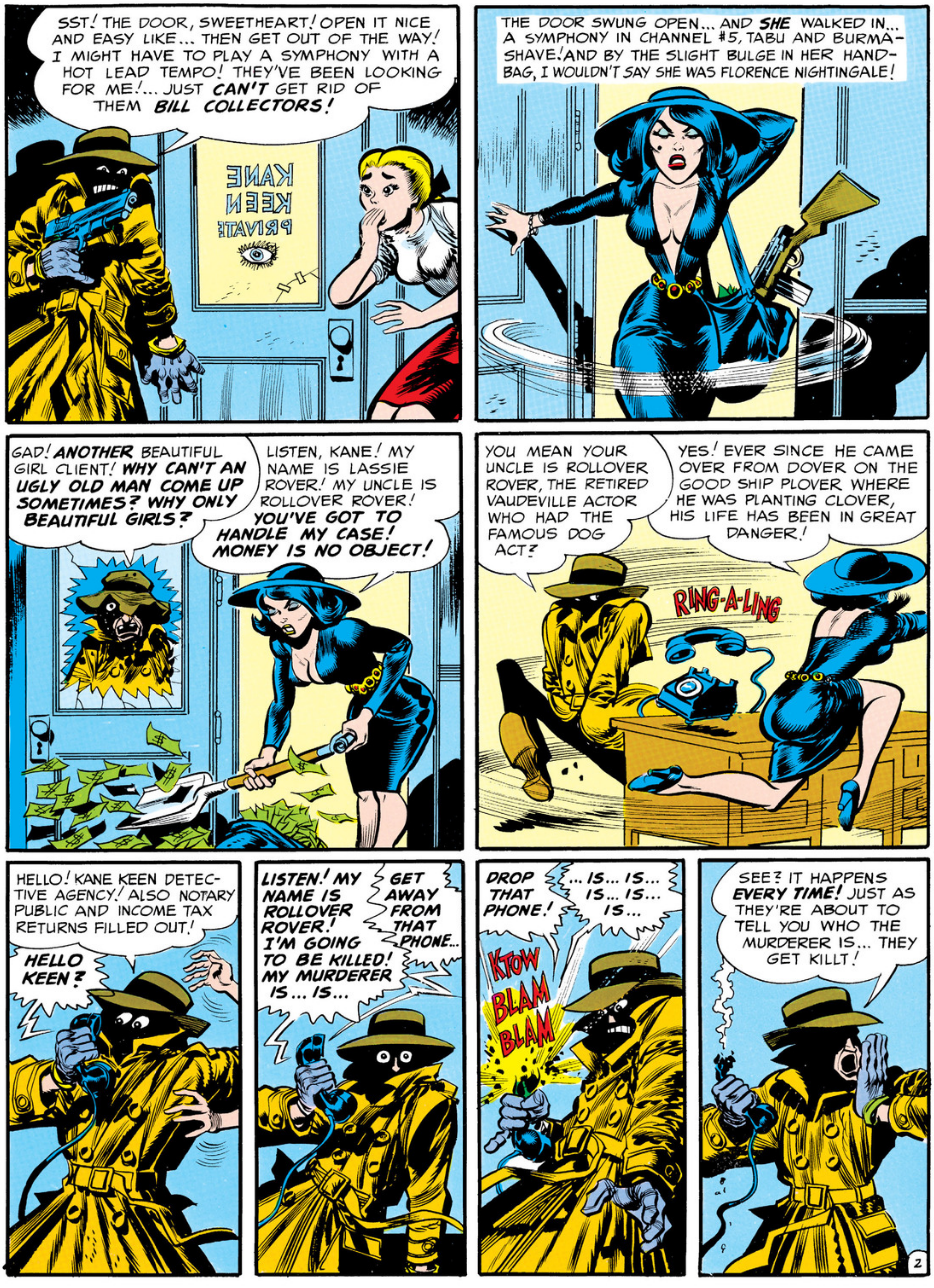

HAH! SO THAT'S WHERE I LEFT MUH CHEWING GUM!
WELL, CHIEF! I GUESS YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT FOR ME! BUT DON'T WORRY! I ALWAYS GET MUH MAN!
GOOD BOY, MILTIE! I WANT YOU TO GO OUT THAT DOOR... AND I WANT YOU TO GET NANUK THE CANUK!
NANUK THE CANUK? LIKE I SAID I ALWAYS LIKE A TAN! SO LONG, CHIEF! I WAS JUST ON MY WAY TO FLORIDA!
MILTIE BWAH! MILTIE! DON'T TELL YOUR OLD CHIEFIE YOU'RE AFRAID TO GO OUT THAT DOOR!
SUDDENLY, CHIEF, I FEEL A STRANGE NEW STRENGTH... A CONVICTION THAT MAKES ME COMPLETELY UNAFRAID TO WALK OUT THAT DOOR!
HEP HEP HEP HEP HEP HEP
I ALWAYS GET MUH MAN! HMMM! THERE'S A TOUCH OF SNOW ON THE GROUND! P'RAPS I SHOULD'VE WORN MY SNOWSHOES!... MAYBE MY REGULAR SHOES, TOO!
HEP HEP HEP HEP HEP HEP HEP HEP
MONTREAL
NOW TO FIND NANUK THE KANUK'S TRAIL! HAH! FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW! CARIBOU? BEAR? COW? WAIT! IT SAYS 'GOODYEAR RUBBER' ON THESE FOOTPRINTS! THEY MUST BE A MAN'S!
HEP HEP HEP
I WILL FOLLOW TRAIL!
HAH! HERE... ANOTHER SET OF PRINTS JOINS THE FIRST! IF THIS IS NANUK, HE HAS A PARTNER!
HEP HEP HEP HEP
HAH! HERE... ANOTHER SET OF PRINTS JOIN! IF THIS IS NANUK, HE MUST HAVE TWO PARTNERS!
HEP HEP HEP HEP
4

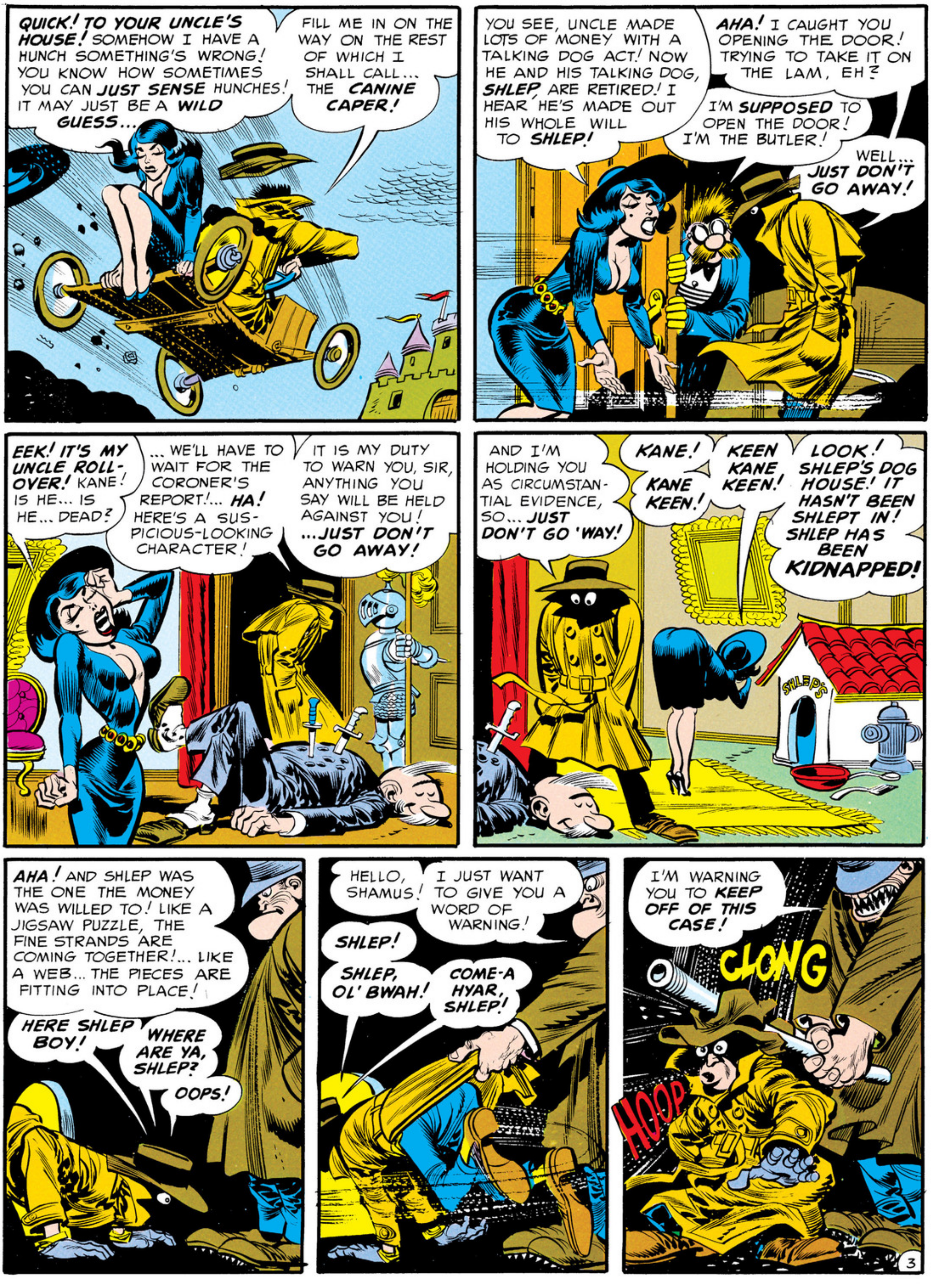

HAH! THE TRAIL IS JOINED BY ANOTHER SET OF PRINTS! AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER
WOW! NANUK HAS A WHOLE ARMY!
PHOOEY! SO MANY FOOT-PRINTS, I LOST THE WHOLE TRAIL!
HEY, FELLA? ...YOU SEE THIS HERE NANUK THE CANUK?
YEAH! I'M NANUK THE CANUK! I DECIDED TO BRING MYSELF IN FOR THE REWARD MONEY!
WANTED
NANUK THE CANUK
£5000 REWARD
HEP HEP HEP
...YOU CRAZY, BOY? THE MAN DON'T GET HIS MAN! THE MOUNTIE GETS HIS MAN!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, MOUNTIE!
I, MILTIE THE MOUNTIE, ALWAYS GET MUH MAN!
I'LL FOLLOW YOU...THROUGH THE RAIN...
HEP HEP HEP
...THROUGH THE SLEET...
HEP HEP HEP
...THROUGH THE SNOW AND HAIL...
HEP HEP HEP
...THE MAILS MUST GET THROUGH!
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!...I'M NOT A MAILMAN!
...I'M MILTIE THE MOUNTIE, AND I'M CHASING NANUK THE CANUK! HE'S TRAPPED IN A DEAD END AHEAD! I TOLD YOU I ALWAYS GET MUH MAN!
DEAD END
5

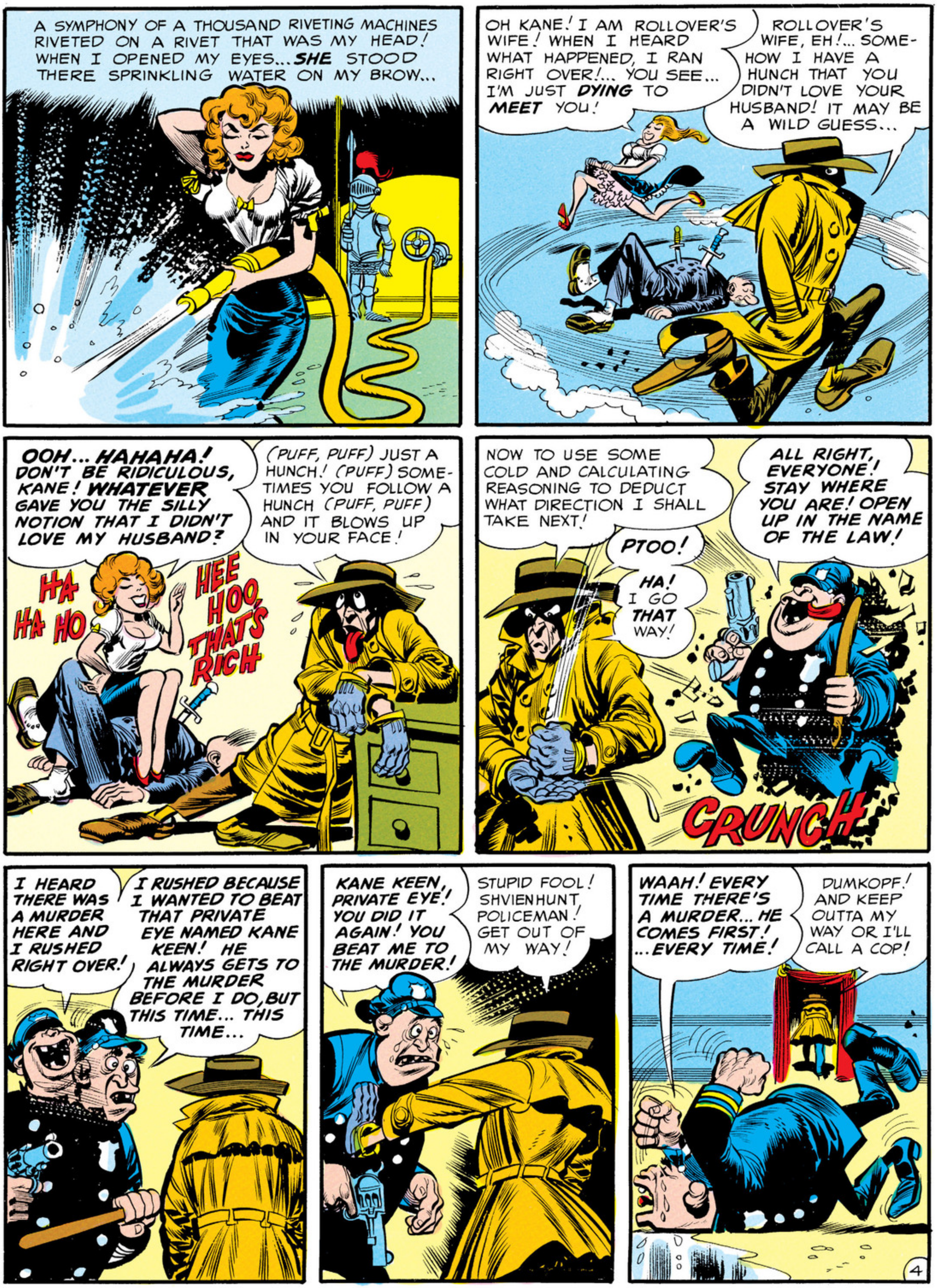

NANUK THE CANUK! YOU'RE UP AGAINST A DEAD END AND WHEN I GET THROUGH, THE REST OF YOU WILL BE DEAD TOO!
DEAD END
WAIT, MILTIE!
BEFORE YOU SHOOT, LET ME OPEN UP MY COAT! I JUST STOLE IT BRAND-NEW AND I'D HATE TO GET ANY NASTY OLD BULLET HOLES IN IT!
DEAD END
O.K. NOW, MILTIE! GO AHEAD AND SHOOT! GO AHEAD! IT'S EASY!
FLAP!
SHOOT! SHOOT! HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW! SEE? YOU HOLD THE GUN ...
...WITH YOUR FINGER ON THE TRIGGER... FRONT OF GUN POINTING TO HE WHO IS TO BE SHOT!
THEN YOU SIMPLY APPLY PRESSURE ON TRIGGER ONCE...TWICE... THRICE... FICE...AS MANY TIMES AS NECESSARY!
BAM! BAM BAM! BAM!
BAM! BAM! BAM!
UGH!...I AM MILTIE THE MOUNTIE! I...I ALWAYS G-GET MUH M-M-M-MAN!
UNFORTUNATELY THIS SHALL NOT HOLD TRUE FOR NANUK THE CANUK!... FOR YOU SEE... NANUK THE CAKUK...
...IS A W-W-WOMAN!
6

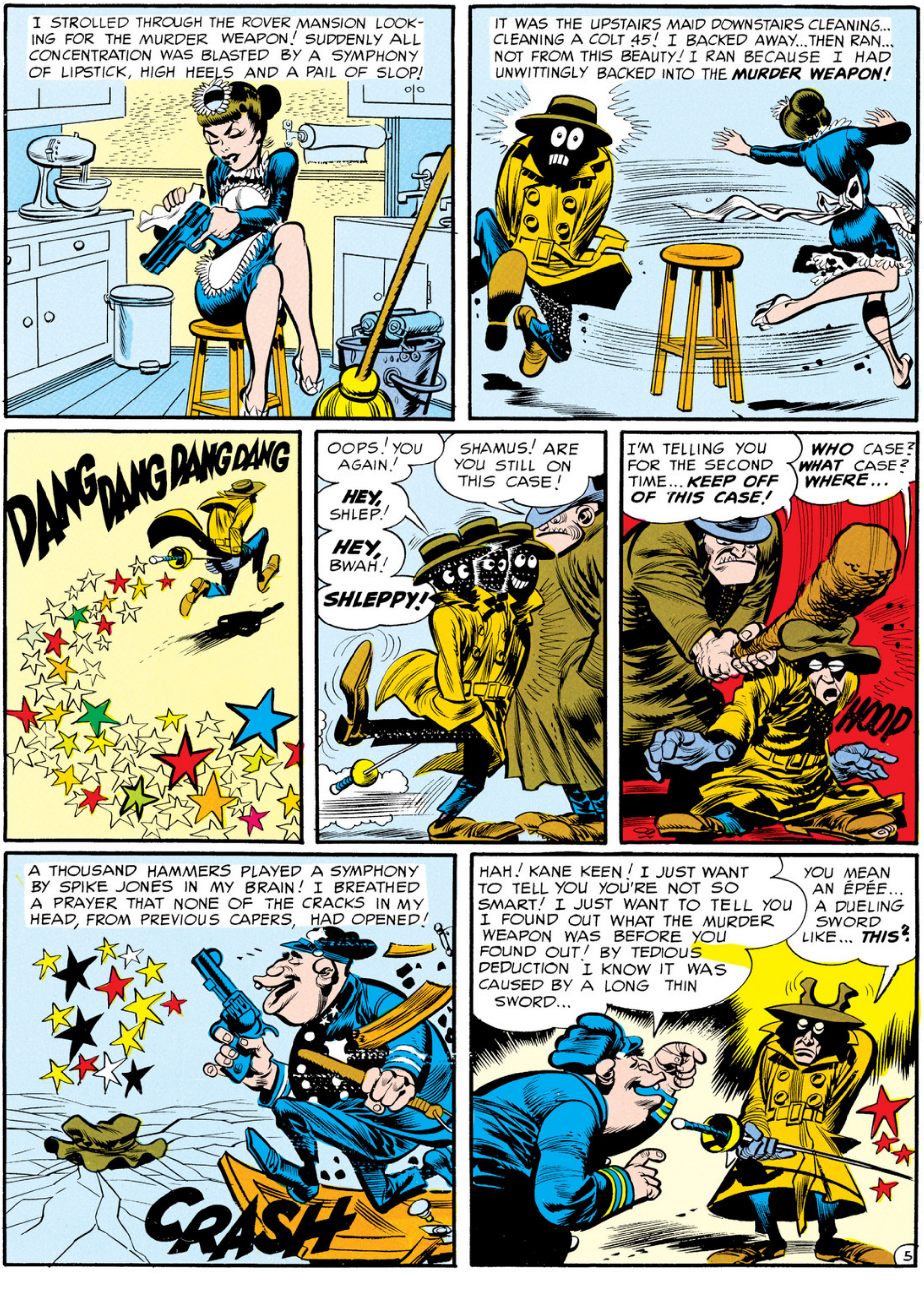


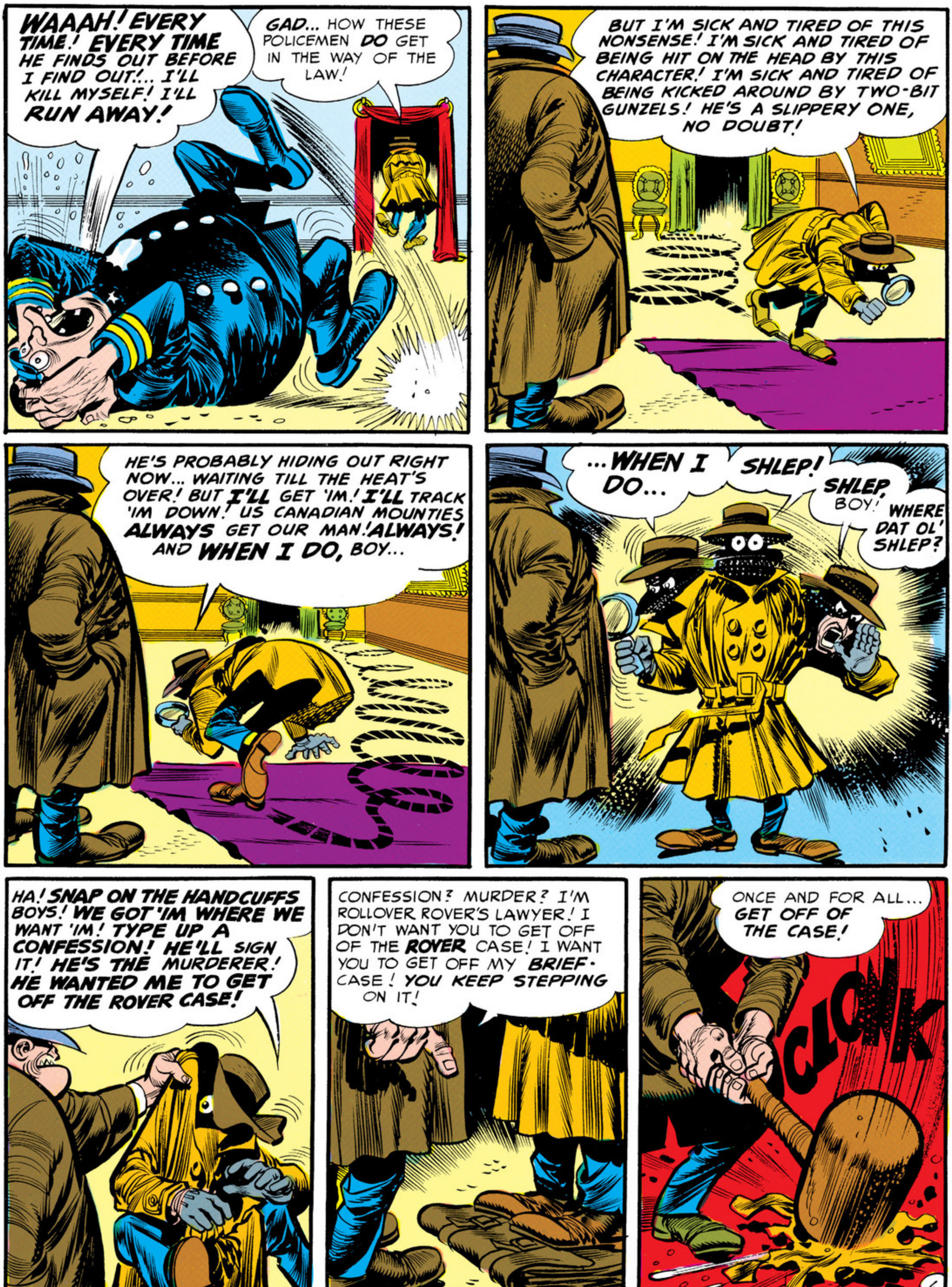
CRIME DEPT.: IN A DINGY TWO BY FOUR OFFICE ON THE MAIN STEM...AROUND A BULLET-SCARRED DESK, WELL-PACKED WITH REVOLVERS, SCOTCH, SODA, PRETZELS, ICE... BEING CHASED BY A BLONDE SECRETARY, ALSO WELL-PACKED... RUNNING WITH TRENCH COAT COLLAR UP, BELT PULLED TIGHT... RUNS...
KANE KEEN!
PRIVATE EYE
GIN
ICE
YEAH... THAT'S ME... KANE KEEN, PRIVATE EYE! DOES SOMEONE WANT TO MURDER YOU? DID YOU GET A PARKING TICKET? MY GUN IS FOR HIRE!
THAT'S ME... KANE KEEN!. THE UNDERWORLD HATES ME! THE WOMEN FIND ME IRRESISTABLE! YOU SEE, I USE BURMA-SHAVE!
KLUNK
AT THE MOMENT I AM TRYING TO SHAKE MY SECRETARY WHO HAS BEEN TRAILING ME ALL DAY! ...HAH! A KNOCK ON THE DOOR!
SLERP
NOK NOK
1

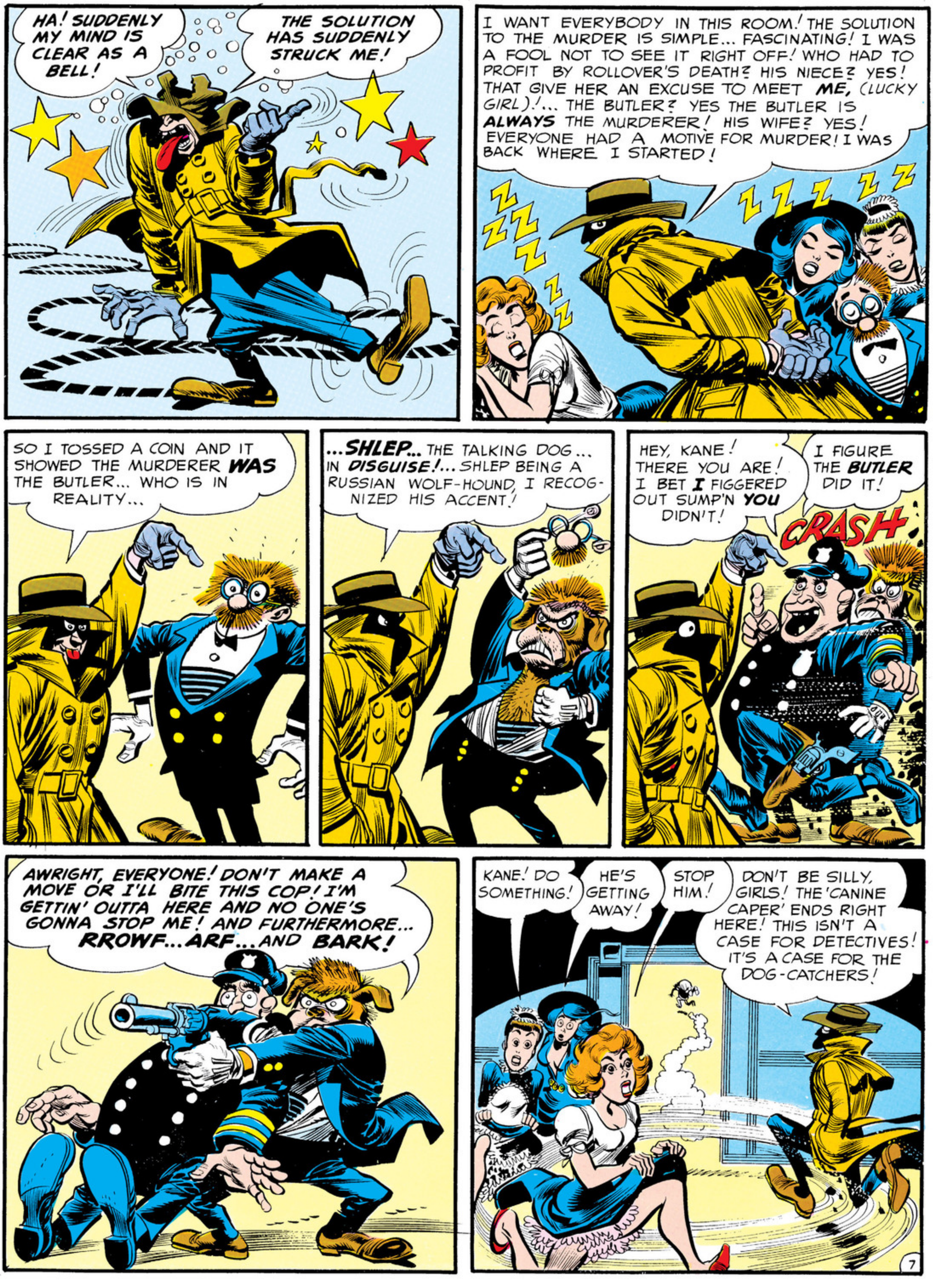

SST! THE DOOR, SWEETHEART! OPEN IT NICE AND EASY LIKE... THEN GET OUT OF THE WAY! I MIGHT HAVE TO PLAY A SYMPHONY WITH A HOT LEAD TEMPO! THEY'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR ME!... JUST CAN'T GET RID OF THEM BILL COLLECTORS!
KANE KEEN PRIVATE
THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN... AND SHE WALKED IN... A SYMPHONY IN CHANNEL #5, TABU AND BURMA-SHAVE! AND BY THE SLIGHT BULGE IN HER HAND-BAG, I WOULDN'T SAY SHE WAS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE!
GAD! ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL GIRL CLIENT! WHY CAN'T AN UGLY OLD MAN COME UP SOMETIMES? WHY ONLY BEAUTIFUL GIRLS?
LISTEN, KANE! MY NAME IS LASSIE ROVER! MY UNCLE IS ROLLOVER ROVER! YOU'VE GOT TO HANDLE MY CASE! MONEY IS NO OBJECT!
YOU MEAN YOUR UNCLE IS ROLLOVER ROVER, THE RETIRED VAUDEVILLE ACTOR WHO HAD THE FAMOUS DOG ACT?
YES! EVER SINCE HE CAME OVER FROM DOVER ON THE GOOD SHIP PLOVER WHERE HE WAS PLANTING CLOVER, HIS LIFE HAS BEEN IN GREAT DANGER!
RING-A-LING
HELLO! KANE KEEN DETECTIVE AGENCY! ALSO NOTARY PUBLIC AND INCOME TAX RETURNS FILLED OUT!
HELLO KEEN?
LISTEN! MY NAME IS ROLLOVER ROVER! I'M GOING TO BE KILLED! MY MURDERER IS... IS...
GET AWAY FROM THAT PHONE...
DROP THAT PHONE!
...IS... IS... IS... IS... IS...
KTOW
BLAM
BLAM
SEE? IT HAPPENS EVERY TIME! JUST AS THEY'RE ABOUT TO TELL YOU WHO THE MURDERER IS... THEY GET KILLT!
2


QUICK! TO YOUR UNCLE'S HOUSE! SOMEHOW I HAVE A HUNCH SOMETHING'S WRONG! YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES YOU CAN JUST SENSE HUNCHES! IT MAY JUST BE A WILD GUESS...
FILL ME IN ON THE WAY ON THE REST OF WHICH I SHALL CALL... THE CANINE CAPER!
YOU SEE, UNCLE MADE LOTS OF MONEY WITH A TALKING DOG ACT! NOW HE AND HIS TALKING DOG, SHLEP, ARE RETIRED! I HEAR HE'S MADE OUT HIS WHOLE WILL TO SHLEP!
AHA! I CAUGHT YOU OPENING THE DOOR! TRYING TO TAKE IT ON THE LAM, EH?
I'M SUPPOSED TO OPEN THE DOOR! I'M THE BUTLER!
WELL... JUST DON'T GO AWAY!
EEK! IT'S MY UNCLE ROLL-OVER! KANE! IS HE... IS HE... DEAD?
... WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE CORONER'S REPORT!... HA! HERE'S A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CHARACTER!
IT IS MY DUTY TO WARN YOU, SIR, ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU! ...JUST DON'T GO AWAY!
AND I'M HOLDING YOU AS CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, SO... JUST DON'T GO 'WAY!
KANE!
KANE KEEN!
KEEN KANE KEEN!
LOOK! SHLEP'S DOG HOUSE! IT HASN'T BEEN SHLEPT IN! SHLEP HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED!
SHLEP'S
AHA! AND SHLEP WAS THE ONE THE MONEY WAS WILLED TO! LIKE A JIGSAW PUZZLE, THE FINE STRANDS ARE COMING TOGETHER!... LIKE A WEB... THE PIECES ARE FITTING INTO PLACE!
HERE SHLEP BOY!
WHERE ARE YA, SHLEP?
OOPS!
HELLO, SHAMUS!
I JUST WANT TO GIVE YOU A WORD OF WARNING!
SHLEP!
SHLEP, OL' BWAH!
COME-A HYAR, SHLEP!
I'M WARNING YOU TO KEEP OFF OF THIS CASE!
CLONG
HOOP
3


A SYMPHONY OF A THOUSAND RIVETING MACHINES RIVETED ON A RIVET THAT WAS MY HEAD! WHEN I OPENED MY EYES... SHE STOOD THERE SPRINKLING WATER ON MY BROW...
OH KANE! I AM ROLLOVER'S WIFE! WHEN I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED, I RAN RIGHT OVER!... YOU SEE... I'M JUST DYING TO MEET YOU!
ROLLOVER'S WIFE, EH!... SOMEHOW I HAVE A HUNCH THAT YOU DIDN'T LOVE YOUR HUSBAND! IT MAY BE A WILD GUESS...
OOH... HAHAHA! DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, KANE! WHATEVER GAVE YOU THE SILLY NOTION THAT I DIDN'T LOVE MY HUSBAND?
HA HA HA HO
HEE HOO, THAT'S RICH
(PUFF, PUFF) JUST A HUNCH! (PUFF) SOMETIMES YOU FOLLOW A HUNCH (PUFF, PUFF) AND IT BLOWS UP IN YOUR FACE!
NOW TO USE SOME COLD AND CALCULATING REASONING TO DEDUCT WHAT DIRECTION I SHALL TAKE NEXT!
PTOO!
HA! I GO THAT WAY!
ALL RIGHT, EVERYONE! STAY WHERE YOU ARE! OPEN UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
CRUNCH
I HEARD THERE WAS A MURDER HERE AND I RUSHED RIGHT OVER!
I RUSHED BECAUSE I WANTED TO BEAT THAT PRIVATE EYE NAMED KANE KEEN! HE ALWAYS GETS TO THE MURDER BEFORE I DO, BUT THIS TIME... THIS TIME...
KANE KEEN, PRIVATE EYE! YOU DID IT AGAIN! YOU BEAT ME TO THE MURDER!
STUPID FOOL! SHVIENHUNT, POLICEMAN! GET OUT OF MY WAY!
WAAH! EVERY TIME THERE'S A MURDER... HE COMES FIRST! ...EVERY TIME!
DUMKOPF! AND KEEP OUTTA MY WAY OR I'LL CALL A COP!
4


I STROLLED THROUGH THE ROVER MANSION LOOKING FOR THE MURDER WEAPON! SUDDENLY ALL CONCENTRATION WAS BLASTED BY A SYMPHONY OF LIPSTICK, HIGH HEELS AND A PAIL OF SLOP!
IT WAS THE UPSTAIRS MAID DOWNSTAIRS CLEANING... CLEANING A COLT 45! I BACKED AWAY...THEN RAN... NOT FROM THIS BEAUTY! I RAN BECAUSE I HAD UNWITTINGLY BACKED INTO THE MURDER WEAPON!
DANG DANG DANG DANG
OOPS! YOU AGAIN!
HEY, SHLEP!
HEY, BWAH!
SHLEPPY!
SHAMUS! ARE YOU STILL ON THIS CASE!
I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE SECOND TIME... KEEP OFF OF THIS CASE!
WHO CASE? WHAT CASE? WHERE...
HOOP
A THOUSAND HAMMERS PLAYED A SYMPHONY BY SPIKE JONES IN MY BRAIN! I BREATHED A PRAYER THAT NONE OF THE CRACKS IN MY HEAD, FROM PREVIOUS CAPERS, HAD OPENED!
CRASH
HAH! KANE KEEN! I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU YOU'RE NOT SO SMART! I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU I FOUND OUT WHAT THE MURDER WEAPON WAS BEFORE YOU FOUND OUT! BY TEDIOUS DEDUCTION I KNOW IT WAS CAUSED BY A LONG THIN SWORD...
YOU MEAN AN ÉPÉE... A DUELING SWORD LIKE... THIS?
5


WAAAH! EVERY TIME! EVERY TIME HE FINDS OUT BEFORE I FIND OUT!... I'LL KILL MYSELF! I'LL RUN AWAY!
GAD... HOW THESE POLICEMEN DO GET IN THE WAY OF THE LAW!
BUT I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THIS NONSENSE! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING HIT ON THE HEAD BY THIS CHARACTER! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING KICKED AROUND BY TWO-BIT GUNZELS! HE'S A SLIPPERY ONE, NO DOUBT!
HE'S PROBABLY HIDING OUT RIGHT NOW... WAITING TILL THE HEAT'S OVER! BUT I'LL GET 'IM! I'LL TRACK 'IM DOWN! US CANADIAN MOUNTIES ALWAYS GET OUR MAN! ALWAYS! AND WHEN I DO, BOY...
...WHEN I DO...
SHLEP!
SHLEP, BOY!
WHERE DAT OL' SHLEP?
HA! SNAP ON THE HANDCUFFS BOYS! WE GOT 'IM WHERE WE WANT 'IM! TYPE UP A CONFESSION! HE'LL SIGN IT! HE'S THE MURDERER! HE WANTED ME TO GET OFF THE ROVER CASE!
CONFESSION? MURDER? I'M ROLLOVER ROVER'S LAWYER! I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET OFF OF THE ROVER CASE! I WANT YOU TO GET OFF MY BRIEF-CASE! YOU KEEP STEPPING ON IT!
ONCE AND FOR ALL... GET OFF OF THE CASE!
CLONK
6


HA! SUDDENLY MY MIND IS CLEAR AS A BELL!
THE SOLUTION HAS SUDDENLY STRUCK ME!
I WANT EVERYBODY IN THIS ROOM! THE SOLUTION TO THE MURDER IS SIMPLE... FASCINATING! I WAS A FOOL NOT TO SEE IT RIGHT OFF! WHO HAD TO PROFIT BY ROLLOVER'S DEATH? HIS NIECE? YES! THAT GIVE HER AN EXCUSE TO MEET ME, (LUCKY GIRL)!... THE BUTLER? YES THE BUTLER IS ALWAYS THE MURDERER! HIS WIFE? YES! EVERYONE HAD A MOTIVE FOR MURDER! I WAS BACK WHERE I STARTED!
SO I TOSSED A COIN AND IT SHOWED THE MURDERER WAS THE BUTLER... WHO IS IN REALITY...
...SHLEP... THE TALKING DOG... IN DISGUISE!... SHLEP BEING A RUSSIAN WOLF-HOUND, I RECOGNIZED HIS ACCENT!
HEY, KANE! THERE YOU ARE! I BET I FIGGERED OUT SUMP'N YOU DIDN'T!
I FIGURE THE BUTLER DID IT!
CRASH
AWRIGHT, EVERYONE! DON'T MAKE A MOVE OR I'LL BITE THIS COP! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE AND NO ONE'S GONNA STOP ME! AND FURTHERMORE... RROWF...ARF...AND BARK!
KANE! DO SOMETHING!
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
STOP HIM!
DON'T BE SILLY, GIRLS! THE 'CANINE CAPER' ENDS RIGHT HERE! THIS ISN'T A CASE FOR DETECTIVES! IT'S A CASE FOR THE DOG-CATCHERS!